The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXIII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1931 No. 3457

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 347
EDITORIALS:
- If Britain Devaluates 350
- The Diminishing Wage 351
- Japan and Manchuria 351
- Manners 352

SPEAKING OF REVOLUTION . . . By Hendrik Willem van Loon .. 353
THE CENTENARY OF GODKIN. By O. G. V. 354
SCENES FROM THE NEW RUSSIA. By Boris Pilnyak 355
A SOCIALIST LOOKS AT THE SWOPE PLAN. By Norman Thomas 357
HOW WE SOLVED IT AT OKLAHOMA CITY. By Karl Pretshold 359
AUSTRIA AND FREE TRADE. By Karl Polanyi 361
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 363
CORRESPONDENCE 364
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE 365
FINANCE: ENGLAND—WORKSHOP OR BANK? By S. Palmer Harman 365
BOOKS, ART, DRAMA:
- Toward the Mountain. By Howard McKinley Corning 366
- The Cooling Melting-Pot. By William Seagle 366
- A Mighty Legend. By Guy B. Johnson 367
- The Changing South. By Virginia Moore 367
- American Culture Again. By John Chamberlain 368
- What Rights Have Neutrals? By Edwin M. Borchard 368
- Books in Brief 370
- Art: Charles Demuth. By Paul Rosenfeld 371
- Drama: A Bad Joke. By Joseph Wood Krutch 373

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor

Associate Editors

DOROTHY VAN DOREN MAURITZ A. HALLGREN

Dramatic Editor JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Literary Editor HENRY HAZLITT

Contributing Editors

HEYWOOD BROUN FREDA KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN
LEWIS S. GANNETT H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN
JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS ARTHUR WARNER

DAVID BOEHM, Advertising Manager

Subscription Rates: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $6.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: Nation, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London, W. C. 1, England.

THE MORE PERSPECTIVE one obtains with the passing of time the more clear it becomes that Ramsay MacDonald bungled amazingly in his first measures when confronted by the English financial crisis. He began by declaring that the pound was threatened first and foremost by the lack of balance in the British budget, a theory whose falsity would have been evident to anyone who had troubled merely to look at the quotations of British government bonds in the New York market, where, until the actual suspension of gold payments, they were selling on a better credit basis than French government bonds. That the pound finally was forced off the gold basis *after* the new "balanced" budget had been presented and virtually approved by Parliament disposes of whatever plausibility may have been left in the contention that it was the government's unbalanced budget, and particularly the terrible dole, that was causing all the trouble. It is now at last generally acknowledged by competent British financiers that the immediate cause of the pressure on the pound was the fact that London bankers had borrowed from New York and Paris to lend to Berlin, and when Berlin banks could not pay their short-term obligations to London, London could not pay them to New York and Paris. Mr. Snowden, in presenting the gold-suspension act, estimated that the London banks now have some $350,000,000 of their assets tied up in Germany; Sir Josiah Stamp, in a recent statement, presents this as the primary reason for the government's action in suspending gold payments and does not mention the budget at all. Mr. MacDonald, unfortunately accepting someone else's wrong diagnosis, naturally turned to the wrong cure, and the very development that his drastic measures were designed to prevent occurred anyway.

A READER WRITES that we have not been quite fair to President Hoover in attributing to him the desire to have the unemployed maintained only by private charity, and he adduces statements from the President to prove that he wishes municipal and State aid to supplement philanthropy. We have certainly not intended to be unjust to the President, but we are still of the opinion that he is opposed to money grants or a dole from any official source, precisely as is Governor Roosevelt who, in asking for $25,000,000 for the New York State unemployed, told the legislature there would be no cash doles whatever, only clothing doles, food doles, and coal doles. If, however, our friendly critic is right, then the President's position seems to us weaker and less defensible than ever. What is the difference between a dollar given to an unemployed man by Uncle Sam and one given to him by a State or city which makes the federal gift so sinister, so certain to demoralize the recipient, so destructive to his initiative, his desire to work, or his self-respect? Moreover, as far as cash grants are concerned, we can see no difference in the effect upon the morale of the unemployed if a representative of a state gives a man a ten-dollar bill to buy coal or if the representative goes across the street and hands the ten dollars to a coal dealer and orders the coal to be delivered to the home of the unemployed. It seems infinitely more degrading for a self-respecting man to stand in a bread line for a private dole than for him to receive the means of life from the state which, if it demands the right to have him killed on the battle field whenever it pleases, is surely also obligated to keep him alive in time of peace.

WALTER S. GIFFORD, director of President Hoover's organization on unemployment relief, in his nation-wide appeal of September 27 had few suggestions to make. Governors, he hopes, will appoint State-wide committees of leading citizens. There should be an emergency committee in every community which should at once inform itself as to the conditions in its district and notify the State committee of its plans, aims, and needs. Since the emergency is so exceptional it is desirable, Mr. Gifford declares, that it be met by temporary and not permanent organizations. While many employers have already "spread" their work to give part-time employment to as many as possible, Mr. Gifford's committee is "endeavoring to see" if "anything else" can be done along these lines. It will not raise funds itself, but will aid the local groups which are planning a giving campaign between October 19 and November 25. These recommendations will obviously cause

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

heart disease in no one, but they are unexceptionable. As for spreading work and giving new jobs, that is fine, too. But in this connection we should like to ask Chairman Gifford how much spreading his own company, the American Telephone and Telegraph, has done since the crisis began, and how many men have been dropped by it in order to maintain its 9 per cent stock dividends.

WE ARE ASKED by a high federal official to call attention to the fact that the government is spending $2,000,000 to create a town for the workers at Boulder Dam which is to be 2,000 feet above the canyon, at a point where the temperature is not more severe than that of the Sacramento Valley in California. This is in connection with the letter from Victor Castle describing conditions in Las Vegas, Nevada, which appeared in our issue of August 26. No allegation is made that Mr. Castle's terrible picture of working conditions in the Lewis construction camp was other than entirely accurate. We are merely asked to state that in the judgment of the officials no provision could have been made wholly to avert the hardships and dangers of the preparatory work in view of the great pressure to let the contract and give work to the unemployed just as soon as the plans were ready; also that the new town has been made a federal reservation for the express purpose of controlling the drinking, gambling, and other evils which now disgrace Las Vegas. More than that, the contractors are required to house 80 per cent of their men in the new town, which will be provided with sewage disposal, clean, cool water, electric light, and refrigeration. This is all to the good. We are glad to give credit to the officials who are striving to create model working conditions in a situation where the climatic conditions on the dam itself, down in the canyon, are bound to be dreadful. All of this does not, however, alter the fact that the shocking conditions truthfully reported by Mr. Castle should never have been allowed to exist, even if there was great pressure from labor and other sources to begin the preparatory work.

FOR ONCE we find ourselves in accord with the American Legion; we, too, believe in a national referendum on the prohibition issue and heartily wish that its demand for a plebiscite would be heeded, if only because that might prove the first step toward the permanent establishment, as it has been established in Germany, Switzerland, and elsewhere, of the initiative and referendum in our federal law. The Legion will, of course, be told that there can be no referendum now because there is no machinery for it. That is nonsense. In no time at all after the outbreak of war we created an efficient voluntary organization for registering the youth of the land. Congress could similarly set up now a temporary organization for ascertaining the will of the people as to the repeal or modification of the prohibition law. Beyond that, however, one cannot read of the proceedings of the annual convention of the Legion with satisfaction. True, it did heed President Hoover's plea and defeated by 902 to 507 the proposal for further cash bonus payments. But, on the other hand, it voted for an increase of the regular army up to 165,000 and an unsurpassed navy. More than that, without a record vote, it passed a resolution that the President revive the non-partisan war-time Council of National Defense and its Advisory Commission with war-time dictatorial powers to deal with the present industrial emergency —something which the New York *Evening Post* correctly describes as "the worst proposal yet." Veteran organizations from time immemorial have leaned readily to dictatorships.

THE VISIT OF LAVAL and Briand began most auspiciously with genuine acclaim by the Berlin crowds and the absence of any hostile demonstrations by the National Socialists, in obedience to orders from their chief. The announcement by Premier Laval and M. Briand that a Franco-German economic commission will be formed to "devise means of cooperation between France and Germany" is a highly encouraging sequel to that felicitous beginning. We believe that the bulk of the German people desire this cooperation. They want to live in amity with France, and the cheers for peace which Laval and Briand heard as as they departed from Paris give corresponding proof that the plain people of France similarly desire complete concord with their ancient enemy. If the French need still another reason for genuine cooperation with the Brüning Government, let them read the disheartening figures from the just-concluded Hamburg municipal election. There the National Socialists increased their vote to 202,465 from the 144,684 votes polled in the Reichstag elections of last year and the 14,760 in 1928, while the Communists gained 33,389 votes over 1930, totaling 168,618. The Social Democrats and People's Party together lost 60,000 votes.

HARLAN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, where there is a mine strike going on, might seem to have come in for more than its share of criticism during the past few weeks. A Mr. Thomas P. Hull, of Hollywood, California, wrote to Sheriff Blair of Harlan, repeating some of the unkind things that had been said about him and his deputies and asking him what he thought about it. The Sheriff replied at length, in a highly illuminating epistle that we reprint from the Hollywood *Citizen*:

> I am just in receipt of your clipping received today, and wish to say in the beginning that the old adage in this case is quite true, "You cannot believe anything you hear, and, very little that you see." . . . Now, as to miners receiving only $1.50 per day, that is the bunk, and it is untrue about the prices being so high in the company stores, still they are some higher than the chain stores here in Harlan on a few items, but you must take into consideration that these goods have to be taken out to these company stores which are from five to twenty-five miles out of town. . . . It is untrue about miners being put out of company houses in thirty minutes; that is always done by due process of law, which requires several days.
>
> This county has been a seething hotbed of I. W. W. and communistic activities for the past four or five months, but I am glad to say that at this time they are not so active and I expect to keep after these "reds" until Harlan County is again 100 per cent American. We certainly can run our own business here without the help of any "reds" or "I. W. W's."

THIS GIVES A GOOD IDEA of Sheriff Blair's temper, information, and sympathies. Another document, however, can be presented in evidence of the state of mind of Harlan County officialdom. Mrs. Jessie Wakefield, field worker for the International Labor Defense, indicted for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

criminal syndicalism, was charged in the indictment with "advising, counseling, and suggesting that divers persons free the miners who was [*sic*] then in jail, and to wipe J. H. Blair, the duly elected, qualified, and acting Sheriff of Harlan County, and Judge D. C. Jones, the duly elected, qualified, and acting Judge of Harlan County, from off the map, and to not leave a sign of them." For this crime Mrs. Wakefield was first held in $5,000 bond and $5,000 additional to keep the peace. Subsequently, the duly elected, qualified, and acting Sheriff Blair released her without submitting the bond on her own agreement to leave the State but to return for her trial, whenever it should take place. In spite of the Sheriff's confidence that he is fully competent to deal with the "reds" and "I. W. W.'s," however, there are those who suspect that if Mrs. Wakefield should neglect to appear for trial, Harlan County would shed few tears. The crime of desiring to wipe off the map is perhaps not so clearly indicated as, in the first flush of the Sheriff's enthusiasm, it seemed to be. But the "industrial war" in Harlan County, as Louis Stark calls it in the first of a series of articles in the New York *Times*, goes on, with life daily held cheaper and armed hostility a matter of course.

A LITTLE PRIVATE REVOLUTION is going on in Iowa over whether the government shall or shall not make tuberculin tests on cattle. Cedar County, Iowa, has been put under martial law and national guardsmen have arrested the alleged leader of the protestant farmers, one J. W. Lenker, who himself sold his herd rather than submit to the tests. Farmers with pitchforks and mud-balls kept the government testers away from the cattle for a day or so, but the National Guard with machine-guns turned the tide of battle, and the unprotesting cattle were led, herd after herd, into the inclosures where the tests were made. This is by no means the first instance of protest against government methods of disease control, and against the officials who attempt to put the methods into effect. Farmers pretty generally can be found who believe that tuberculin tests are incompetently made, that cows are left diseased as a result of the serum injection, and that subsequent calves of tested cows suffer harm. Moreover, a farmer who has paid several hundred dollars for his cow is understandably disgruntled when the government offers him a fourth of that sum for the meat, pronounced diseased, and insists that he take it. There is enough disagreement among medical experts over the treatment and transmission of tuberculosis to make the farmers' objections worth taking into account.

WE HAVE SO OFTEN expressed a high opinion of the *Christian Science Monitor* as a newspaper conducted, despite its narrow religious tenets, as a clean, high-minded, and responsible daily that we can hardly express our dismay at its summary dismissal of its Washington correspondent, Robert S. Allen. Ordinarily it is a newspaper's own affair whom it hires and dismisses. But there are certain circumstances in this case which make it a matter of widespread concern. In the first place, Robert Allen has been one of the best and most outspoken of the liberal correspondents in Washington. Next, the utterly inadequate excuse given for his dismissal is that he is a coauthor with several other correspondents of "Washington Merry-Go-Round," and that the *Monitor* did not like some of the criticisms of public officials therein. Third, the rumor persists that the *Monitor* took this action because of pressure from the White House—which is by no means unlikely, since Mr. Allen has been one of the severest critics of the present incumbent, and the White House, as our readers are aware, has been trying to censor the Washington correspondents. Fourth, and worst of all, is the fact that Mr. Allen was dismissed, if we are correctly informed, without even the courtesy of a hearing. All these things make it highly desirable for the *Monitor* to explain its position and to defend its act—if it can.

DISARM! is the title given a new magazine published by the League for Industrial Democracy and designed to promote "constructive discussion of the war and disarmament problem." Among the contributors are such well-known writers on peace as Albert Einstein, Norman Thomas, Harriot Stanton Blatch, Harry F. Ward, and John Nevin Sayre; cartoons by Art Young, Robert Minor, and Reginald Marsh enliven its pages; and Heywood Broun adds his own particular touch in a page on the effect of brass bands on the pacifist's morale. Indeed, although others of the contributors offer more statistics, more ideas, and more devastating data on what war does and cannot do, one suspects that Mr. Broun, by indirection and a light touch, has hit the nail on the head and described accurately the most dangerous aspect of the war fever. Everybody hates war, says Mr. Broun, but nobody can see a parade without a rising pulse; what, in our work for no more wars, is to be done about that? Mr. Broun does not quite know. But every contributor agrees that earnest pacifists must do more than sit idly by while wars are being made. Discussion of the matter by large numbers of persons will undoubtedly help; and as it furthers this discussion, *Disarm!*, like the automobile caravan of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, just ending a triumphant tour of the country, will have made its contribution to the cause.

A GOOD MANY OF OUR READERS have probably seen a folder advertising an American edition of Ludwig Lewisohn's "The Case of Mr. Crump." The author is described in glowing terms which would certainly suggest that the publisher has of him a very high opinion, and most of those who have seen it will probably be surprised to learn that Mr. Lewisohn has never received (and in all probability never will receive) one penny from this ardent admirer, who is attempting to make a substantial profit from the work. Owing to legal difficulties the book cannot be openly published in America despite the supreme praise which it has received from as distinguished a man of letters as Thomas Mann; and therefore it cannot be protected from pirates who publish and run. The same situation has, to be sure, arisen many times before, notably in the case of "Lady Chatterley's Lover" and "Ulysses," illegally printed in this country with not a cent of profit to their authors. But the incident is one more illustration of the way in which prohibitions and censorships all contribute to the prosperity of this type of entrepreneur. "Purity" campaigns support the blackmailer, prohibition supports the racketeer, and banned books give the pirate his bread and jam.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If Britain Devaluates

NOW that Great Britain has taken the decisive step of suspending gold payments, an action which has already brought in its train a series of suspensions by Sweden, Norway, and Egypt, one would like to believe that the new National Government has thought through a program for dealing with the new and very perilous situation that exists. But nothing in the address of Chancellor Snowden in presenting the gold-suspension act, or in the official utterance of anyone else, has indicated that the new government has anything to offer but pious hopes. True, Mr. Snowden has hinted strongly that Great Britain would welcome an international gold conference to straighten out the whole matter, but this suggestion seems both vague and unrealistic. If such a conference is to have any prospect of concrete achievement, England must first have a definite set of proposals to make, and there must be a reasonable possibility that at least France and America, if not, indeed, every important nation on earth, may be brought to accept them. But Mr. Snowden has not even hinted at what the British proposals would be. To indicate vaguely that the problem could be solved by a "redistribution of gold" gets one little farther than it would to argue that all our economic problems would be solved by a redistribution of wealth: these are statements of aims, and tell us nothing of means. The British banks cannot expect American banks to turn gold over to them as a free gift, and if the gold were merely loaned, it would quickly find its way back, under the economic conditions that have been prevailing ever since the war, to American vaults. The truth is that the gold problem could be handled better indirectly than directly; there might easily be a better distribution, for example, if we consented to lower our tariff and reduce the war debts.

It is most likely that in throwing out this suggestion for an international gold conference, Mr. Snowden had in mind the recommendations made to Parliament last June by the so-called Macmillan committee, which consisted of prominent bankers, industrialists, and economists, among them J. Maynard Keynes, Reginald McKenna, and Lord Bradbury. The majority of the committee, apparently reflecting the views of Mr. Keynes, suggested cooperation among the central banks for the purpose of raising the international price level. The price level was to be raised and stabilized by international agreement controlling money rates, which it was supposed would control volume of bank credit. This, it was hoped, in turn would control price levels. It is, however, not only highly improbable that such international agreement could be obtained, but many bankers and economists contend, rightly, we think, that money rates are only one among many factors controlling the volume of credit, and they do not believe there is any exact or even direct relation between the volume of credit and the level of prices. Finally, there is no assured prospect that the English could even agree among themselves as to the recommendations to lay before such a conference. Lord Bradbury, for example, in a dissenting report dismissed the majority recommendations of the Macmillan committee as "in conception too ambitious and for application too nebulous."

While Mr. Snowden is toying with these almost baseless hopes from an international conference, the British pound has been allowed to become the football of international speculators, fluctuating in value more than 10 per cent within a period of twenty-four hours. At the time of writing it has already sold below $3.50, which represents a discount of nearly 30 per cent. If the new British government has any definite intention of restoring gold payments at the end of the six months' period implied in the gold-suspension act, this discount is extremely serious. Within a short time commodity prices in England will rise to adjust themselves to the depreciated pound, and if the pound is then restored to parity Great Britain will face the same painful deflation that occurred after 1920.

There remains the question of devaluation. So far no one in a responsible position in the British government has breathed the word, but actual policy has pointed in that direction. In some quarters devaluation has been hailed as if it would be a panacea for British economic ills. Undoubtedly it would have stimulating effects in several directions. A reduction in the gold value of the British pound of, say, 25 per cent, would temporarily stimulate British exports and cut down imports; it would reduce by one-quarter Britain's staggering internal-debt burden; as prices would rise much faster than wage levels, it would stimulate employment; it would reduce the government's dole payments, absolutely by reducing the number of unemployed, and relatively by leading to a higher money volume of taxes as a result of higher prices and greater volume of business.

On the other side of the ledger, there would be a heavy price to pay. The step would probably strike a permanent blow at London as a financial center. Sir Josiah Stamp estimates that England now draws some $250,000,000 to $300,000,000 a year in banking commissions and other such services as a result of London's position as an international financial center. If this means of paying for imports is cut off it is doubtful whether any temporary gain in exports could offset it. Further, Great Britain still holds billions of pounds of foreign investments in terms of sterling, and if sterling is reduced 25 per cent in value, the British would be reducing their own foreign sterling investments by the same percentage. Finally, most of the results of devaluation, such as the stimulation of exports and the differential in favor of prices as compared with wages, would be only temporary, existing merely in the transitional period; and others, if thought desirable, could be achieved more directly. For example, if it was imperative that the British debt burden be cut, it could have been cut directly by any percentage the government desired, without affecting anything else. This, of course, would have been partial repudiation; but so is the act of devaluating the currency. Again, wages could have been cut directly if the unions had permitted it. The advantage of depreciated currency, apparently, is that it involves a general voluntary deception, like daylight saving, and union leaders who would never consent to see money wages reduced will greet even with enthusiasm a rise in prices that brings about a reduction in real wages.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Diminishing Wage

THE publicity given to the 10 per cent reduction in wages by the United States Steel Corporation and most of the comment upon it tend to give the impression that this is the beginning of a widespread move to cut wages. The Steel Corporation's action is, rather, a sort of official recognition of the reductions in wages which have already taken place throughout industry. Despite the fact that President Hoover and his Cabinet had been talking for the last two years as if there had been no wage cuts, both official and private statistics are perfectly clear on the point that wages started to slide downward almost as soon as the depression began, and that they have been going down ever since. Only last April we had the enlightening comment of the chief statistician of the Department of Labor on the downward process. "Some banks and some bankers," said Mr. Stewart, "are hell-bent to get wages back to the 1913 level. I have said this often and I repeat it." The Department of Labor itself has reported that during the first six months of this year more than 1,400 individual manufacturing concerns voluntarily reported wage cuts averaging 10 per cent each. And of these, 248 were in the iron and steel industry. But while the thousands of smaller concerns could cut wages more or less in the dark, the leading corporations, because of the light of publicity which beats upon them, could not act until the country was psychologically receptive. The Steel Corporation prepared the ground last July, when it reduced the dividend on its common stock from $7 to $4 a share and cut the salaries of its officers and white-collar workers. Could it be altogether blamed if an international crisis and the failure of a fall upturn in business forced further retrenchment?

Thus this latest move by the leading corporations—for General Motors, United States Rubber, and others quickly followed suit—represents the continuance rather than the beginning of the movement. Indeed, there are those who believe that it indicates more nearly the conclusion. They point to 1921, when business activity picked up following reductions in wages by the Steel Corporation, and they say—or hope—that history will repeat itself this fall. The theory behind this prediction is that the lower wage rates will make possible lower production costs, which, in turn, will be reflected in lower prices. The lower prices, theoretically, will bring more buyers into the market, and the resulting increased demand for products will make necessary a similar increase in production and employment. This will enable those on part time to work full time and, as business accelerates, some of the unemployed will be absorbed. To be sure, the wage rates will be lower, but it is contended quite reasonably that a man is better off if he works a full week at $5 per day than if he works—as in the steel industry today—only a few days a week at a rate of $6 or even $7. Fundamentally, the theory is that a lower price for labor will inevitably create an increase in the demand, as it does in the case of commodities.

If this does not happen, the present acceleration given to wage-cutting can only be viewed as extremely serious. In the past two years the workers have already experienced through unemployment and part-time employment the severest decline in wage income—which is far different from wage rates—in the history of the country. In 1930 the Standard Statistics Corporation has estimated the workers received approximately $10,000,000,000 less than in 1929. For 1931 the reduction may be again as large. With the number of unemployed now approaching 10,000,000, the loss of earnings for this group alone would be close to $ 0,000,000,000. If we assume that the 40,000,000 persons, roughly, who still hold jobs have suffered a reduction in earnings of only $5 a week, through part time or wage cuts, we have another $10,000,000,000 loss. But the pay-roll index of the Bureau of Labor Statistics shows even more clearly what has happened to earnings—rather than to wage rates—in manufacturing. According to this index the pay-roll totals in August of this year were more than 40 per cent under the 1929 level. In the iron and steel industry alone the drop has been even more drastic, with pay rolls in August more than 50 per cent under those of 1929. It can readily be seen what it will mean to trim another 10 per cent off the steel workers' earnings, which even now are less than half what they were two years ago.

How long the workers will be able, or inclined, to bear their burden peacefully is not a matter for happy speculation. Particularly while the Steel Corporation continues to pay unearned dividends on its common stock of more than $30,000,000 per year—which happens to be approximately the amount the workers will lose unless business picks up.

Japan and Manchuria

JAPAN'S army has occupied Mukden, the capital of Manchuria, 170 miles beyond the Korean border; Changchun, the terminus of the South Manchuria Railway, 200 miles beyond; Kirin, a provincial capital 80 miles east of Changchun; and several other cities, perhaps including—though reports conflict—Taonanfu, 265 miles northwest of the South Manchuria line. With these cities in hand, Japan's forces dominate all Manchuria. Why? To what end? What does it portend?

The Japanese Cabinet solemnly disavows any intention to annex Manchuria. But the Japanese Cabinet has given no evidence of power to control its own military forces. So far as can be deduced from the fragmentary dispatches, the Japanese military has acted throughout this affair in total independence of civilian control. It initiated the forward movement; it directed it; it continued it.

Even if the Tokio Cabinet controlled its army, the Chinese would be justified in suspicion. They naturally recall the history of Korea, and the events of 1915. Japan had solemnly agreed in treaties with China, Russia, England, and Korea herself to respect Korea's independence; she declared war on Russia in 1904 ostensibly to safeguard it; Prince Ito, her leading statesman, declared when Resident General of Korea in 1908 that it was no part of Japan's purpose to annex Korea; and in 1910 she did annex Korea. In 1915 she forced a series of humiliating treaties upon a weak and distraught China, and the representatives of her foreign office gave to the correspondents of the world press false copies of their texts and denied the existence of clauses

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which did in fact exist. The Chinese have long memories and naturally distrust the present-day assurances.

Behind this sudden Japanese coup lies, of course, a lengthy history of involved disputes. Japan inherited in 1905 Russia's position and Russia's treaty rights in South Manchuria, and the South Manchuria Railway. She has a treaty right to police that line, though its extent was hotly disputed at the Washington conference of 1921 and at other times and places. Her railway—one-half government-owned—is a government in itself; she has sought to prevent the Chinese from building their own railway lines within its area of potential expansion and has been in constant dispute over the terms of the contracts under which she has built railway lines for the Chinese. She has wanted, furthermore, to construct strategic railway lines linking Manchuria more closely to her garrisons in Korea, and the Chinese have refused this permission and have tried to build their own lines without Japanese assistance or interference. Japan has also sought privileges of land-holding and of exploration in the interior which the Chinese have been loath to grant. Conflicts have arisen over the protection of the Korean residents—Japanese subjects since 1910—within Manchurian territory; and this summer men were killed on both sides of the border in Korean-Chinese riots. Two months ago a Japanese officer, exploring in remote Manchuria, was killed, and while the Chinese authorities expressed regret, the Japanese were not satisfied with the punitive measures.

Immediately preceding the recent military movement the South Manchuria Railway line apparently was bombed—foreign correspondents, a week later, were shown the warped rails, bodies of uniformed Chinese soldiers nearby, and blood stains leading to a Chinese barracks, since occupied by the Japanese, as proof that the offense had been committed by Chinese soldiers. Perhaps it was; perhaps not. At any rate, without waiting for diplomatic discussions or assessment of responsibility, without consulting their civilian superiors, without submitting even such an ultimatum as Austria presented to Serbia after Serajevo, the Japanese army marched, unannounced and in the dead of night, upon the Chinese barracks, bombarded them, occupied them, took over the arsenal at Mukden and the Chinese city, and sent advance parties to the other leading cities.

Beyond that we are still uncertain of details and facts. Certainly the Japanese advance was at first exaggerated—but by the Japanese themselves. Civilian Japan pleads that the advance was magnified by "patriots" in Japan for their own purpose; an excuse which, upon reflection, becomes an accusation. Today Japan announces that the advance has stopped, and that no more troops are being sent. It is unnecessary; Japan holds all the trump cards in Manchuria now. Granting the entire Japanese case as thus far presented, there is no possible excuse for the sudden, violent attack upon the Manchurian cities. This is, if anything can ever be, aggression, resort to violence, such as was abjured by the Kellogg Pact. But the temper of at least a part of the Chinese people in the situation is indicated by the violence done C. C. Wang, Minister of Foreign Affairs, when he was beaten by a mob of students in Nanking for failing to induce intervention by the League of Nations in the crisis. The incident may be kept a mere incident; it looks dangerously like the early stages of the "assimilation" of Korea—which the Chinese may not accept without protest.

Manners

THIS is the time of year when travelers return, and if one may judge by the conversations heard in deck chairs and smoking-rooms it is a very good thing that there is no duty on grudges. The man who went to Chartres seems to remember his row with a porter far more vividly than he remembers the cathedral he went to see; the college professor who made a pilgrimage to Rome appears to have been more impressed by the tone of voice habitually employed by the Fascist guard on his train than by the frescoes in the Sistine chapel. Each traveler seems to be convinced that the nation he visited is the most disagreeable on earth, and he will probably continue to hold that opinion until he meets a customs official in the good old U. S. A. or has his first conversation with a traffic policeman in New York City. For all the travelers are right. Perhaps the much-discussed speed of modern life frays the nerves; perhaps there is some other reason. But the fact remains that most of the inhabitants of the globe seem ready to snap viciously at any other inhabitant whom circumstances put for an instant in their power.

Time was when rudeness was the privilege of the upper classes. The records seem to indicate that in the good old days the peasant or the laboring man pulled his forelock while the "gentleman" roared and bullied. But democracy has triumphed and we now have bad manners for all. The apartment dweller approaches his janitor with a tip in his trembling hand and the first-class passenger who has been accustomed for a week to the mercenary good humor of his steward gets the shock of his life when the customs officer (who is forbidden to accept gratuities) says, "Hey you, why in the hell did you itemize all that junk? Why didn't you lump it?"

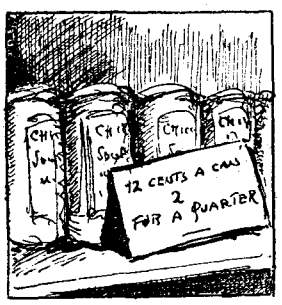
Perhaps it is human nature, or perhaps it is only human nature of the twentieth century, but everybody seems to have a deep-lying grudge which he is ready to work off upon the first helpless victim. And the worst of it is that the grudge may be more dangerous than it seems. The impulse which leads the taxi driver to swear at the pedestrian whom he has nearly run down, and the impulse which leads the porter to vent his spite on a foreigner who does not understand the language, may possibly be the same which produces atrocities in war time and "white terrors" in Hungary or elsewhere. The man who is as insulting as he dares to be may be the same who burns people at the stake when he gets a chance.

In any event bad manners are sufficiently unpleasant even if they are not a sign of danger, and it is odd how little they are resented—how complacently Americans accept them from even the pettiest of officials. Is there, for example, any real reason why a traffic policeman should swear at his victims? Most motorists do not seem to mind. In fact, they boast of the soft words with which they have succeeded in turning away wrath. Probably when they get downtown they kick the office boy in order to relieve their feelings, but it might be just as well if some commissioner of police were to enforce an order for good manners. If he cannot do that, why should we suppose that he is capable of controlling his force in even more important respects?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Speaking of Revolution . . .

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON



HANSEL and I were driving from Lake Placid to Dorset and it was getting late and the experience of the last few days had taught us to eschew the different "Eats" and the "Meals" and the "Tourists Accommodated." So I said, "Listen, son, we had better get some soup, for we will be frozen by the time we get there and a couple of cans of soup will do the trick." And so we stopped in one of those towns that once upon a time may have been a fit spot for human habitation, but that now have been "improved" into something resembling an oil refinery and a repair shop, and while Hansel did something to the entrails of Lizzie I went into the store and asked for soup. The soup was there. Enough soup to drown an army. But the price mark had dropped off the shelf and the woman who waited on me seemed to be an amateur saleslady (the most glorious word of our modern linguistic pharmacopoeia), so she addressed herself to the Person in Authority who was busy in the front part of the store. This Person in Authority was an interesting specimen for those who want to make a first-hand study of the so-called Fall of the Roman Empire. Rome, as a matter of fact, never fell. It was "absorbed" by the barbarian as New England is being absorbed by the "foreigner" today. The pinch-hitting and slightly frayed old woman who was in charge of the canned goods was unmistakably a native. The Person in Charge was either the youngish wife of the proprietor or his older daughter and was a fine example of the Italian-American high-school graduate. Everything she wore was most sublimely out of place. A $7.89 lacy dress by Katz, Finkelstein, and Morris out of the Rue de la Paix, together with an Eugénie hat (it was very near closing time) with a chicken feather disguised as a small ostrich plume and shoes on stilts, was the costume in which the dear creature had elected to sell onions and carrots and peaches. But she was the Person in Authority and she knew it. And when New England asked, "How much is this soup?" she snapped back, "Twelve cents apiece—two for a quarter," and continued to select peaches from a barrel with the air of someone who says, "I am doing something very important, please don't bother me again."

For a moment New England seemed inclined to accept this ukase. But the land of Calvin Coolidge has never been accused of slackness in the matter of practical and applied mathematics.

"But that can't be," she shouted back, "then we would never sell more than a single can at a time."

Little Italy turned around upon her too high heels and gave the poor slavey what the novelists used to call a "withering look." "You heard me the first time," she said. "They have always been that way—twelve cents a can and two for a quarter."

I bought first one can and then a second one, got my penny and left the store. Little Italy looked at me with scorn as I passed her. I smiled pleasantly and said, "Goodnight, Mrs. Law." She sniffed and said, "Don't be smart," and went to the back of the store to have a final row with the rebellious subordinate who had questioned the correctness of her economic views, and I got into the flivver and said to my son, "Ever hear of John Law?"

"Sure," he said, "was not he the fellow who tried to make everybody rich or something? Git up, Lizzie, git up."

It was a far cry from Vermont to that dark canal in Venice where the bones of poor John Law enjoy the only rest they have ever known, but somehow or other I could not keep him out of the picture. For John had been a man of brilliant parts. The poor, to whom he was exceedingly generous, called him the Chevalier Law but he most certainly was no Chevalier d'Industrie. The only trouble with Law had been his irrepressible faith that he could solve the insolvable and unscrew the inscrutable. He failed because the thing he tried to do was impossible. And it was impossible because nobody any longer understood what it was all about.

Law died almost two generations before the beginning of the French Revolution. The Mississippi bubble belonged to the year 1719 and the French monarchy was not abolished until 1792. During those seventy-three years an entire library of books and pamphlets was published, all of them dealing with "the crisis." Most of that literature is utterly unreadable. But it is quite interesting to open some of those volumes near the end and peruse the inevitable "conclusions" of the learned authors. Almost invariably one gets the feeling "the poor fellow has not the slightest idea what he is really talking about."

Today we are in the midst of another "crisis." The newspapers devote column after column to erudite discussions of the "situation." Statesmen and Financiers and Experts are all of them on the job to explain and elucidate and interpret and rationalize. The House of Morgan breaks the Fundamental Law of its Dynasty by talking for publication. Even *The Nation* prints an occasional editorial of warning and woe. But right here and now I am willing to stand up before the multitudes (any multitudes will do) and proclaim that in my humble view there is not one man in a million who has even the vaguest notion what it is all about or how, where, and when we may expect to get out of our difficulties.

It was perhaps unfair to drag that poor delicatessen female into the discussion. But when it comes to the great International Muddle of the Year of Grace 1931, the average citizen or citizeness is just as much at sea as the girl who expected to make a profit on "twelve cents apiece and two for a quarter." The man in the street has long since given up hope. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he does not even bother to read "that stuff." In which he probably shows more wisdom than we are willing to concede.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Centenary of Godkin

IT was on October 3, 1831, that Edwin Lawrence Godkin was born at Moyne, County Wicklow, in Ireland. Nearly thirty-four years later he became, with his lifelong associate, Wendell Phillips Garrison, a founder of *The Nation* and entered upon the career which made him unique in American journalism and beyond doubt the ablest editorial writer the American press has ever known. Not that he was a great editor in the sense of being a tremendous directive force with a nose for news and sensation, like the elder James Gordon Bennett; nor did he have the scintillatingly original and journalistically suggestive mind of Joseph Pulitzer. When he became editor of the *Evening Post* in 1881, he brought to it no sense of responsibility for its news development. He was insistent that it should observe the highest canons of a high-minded, responsible journalism, and he frequently suggested and ordered valuable and illuminating articles. But it was his pen and not his executive ability which made him great, which for thirty-six years illuminated, ridiculed, exposed, revealed, and denounced those forces which moved against the ideals of American life which Godkin accepted unreservedly the day he arrived in America, which he cherished with a passionate devotion unsurpassed by any American-born editor.

For he brought to his task an extraordinary mental equipment which put him head and shoulders above nearly all his associates and rivals and made him the intellectual peer of men of highest literary, scientific, and general scholarship. He had an incomparable sense of justice and he had, for American journalism, a rare detachment in that he was without personal or social ambition and was never for an instant to be tempted by political office. No tie of friendship or social obligation could prevent this trenchant editor from writing what he deemed it to be his duty to say, and there never was a moment in his entire life when the public weal did not bulk larger with him than any other thing. And, of course, he had to contend, like other reform editors, with the hackneyed taunt that he was destructive and not constructive. Like the elder Garrison (and like some of his successors), he was constantly assured that if only his pen were not so bitter, or so censorious, or so complaining; if only he would not indulge in personalities and deal such sledge-hammer blows, his influence would be far greater, the circulation of his weekly, or daily, far more impressive.

Never did Mr. Godkin let this specious reasoning deter him. He called names whenever he felt it was time to do so, and he called deeds by their right names whenever he applied adjectives. Had he pussyfooted, had he been polite and kindly about the Tammany men he excoriated, had he been as gentle and as willing to balance the good and the evil in pleasant terms as some others were, he would have been without that amazing influence which, as a distinguished and rascally New York Governor once said, caused "every editor in the State to read his damned sheet." But he was not a mere wielder of the journalistic bludgeon. He had the most biting and amusing sarcasm, the most delightful wit, and a good cheer in all his personal contacts which absolutely belied the usual opinion of him as a sour, pessimistic old man. He suffered in that he was the first of the free intellectual journalistic critics of the United States. He would in some respects have fared a great deal better in this century than in the nineteenth. Not that he would have been one of the muckraking group of the Roosevelt days who so soon burned their little candles and then disappeared. But the atmosphere in which Sinclair Lewis and Upton Sinclair, H. L. Mencken and Theodore Dreiser, to mention only a few, have worked and written would have been a far easier milieu than the one in which he labored and in which he was so widely misunderstood and abused.

In *The Nation* Mr. Godkin created a journal such as had never before existed in the United States. Primarily started to champion the cause of the newly freed blacks, he made of it the delight of the intellectuals of the day. There came to it first and last as contributors all the men who really made their mark in the collegiate, or literary, or scientific world of the time. There they said their say and wielded great influence under the leadership of one who brought to the discussion of the problems of his time a rare philosophic understanding, an amazing depth of learning, and endless resources to combat the forces of evil about him. The latter were, of course, not those of today save in municipal life (how joyously would he not have welcomed a Mayor Walker to ridicule, to dissect, and to flay with all that mordant sarcasm, that amazing lightness of touch!), for the world has marched so fast since his death on May 2, 1902, that if he were to return it would surely take him months, if not years, to relate the America of today, with its overwhelming economic and international problems, to the America which he served and loved. Deeply steeped, for example, in the teachings of the Manchester school, he would find it hard today to understand the extent to which the laissez faire policy has been abandoned by many of his most ardent disciples, there being no other way out because of the economic selfishness of the capitalist regime.

As for *The Nation* of today, he would often find it crude, unpolished, and lacking the scholarship which under him made it unique. He would perhaps recognize some of his own passion for justice; he would see that in its format and its vision it had retraced its steps toward the original paper of 1865, for *The Nation* of that date was a totally different journal from the narrow philosophical weekly, edited for scholars only, which it became when it was the weekly edition of the New York *Evening Post,* reprinting Godkin's editorials days after their original appearance. So *The Nation* lives to celebrate his centenary, in all gratitude and admiration, in new and parlous and desperately dangerous times—far more difficult than the days in which he wrote so justly, so vigorously, so bravely. He made his mark. Why not? He was a crusader. His soul was his own, his pen untrammeled. All his life having ideas and faiths, he could say what he wished when he wished, fearing no man, yielding only to truth. What richer, or happier, or more useful life could anyone desire?

O. G. V.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Scenes from the New Russia

By BORIS PILNYAK

AS I write these lines it is night. I am writing on the thirtieth floor of a New York skyscraper hotel. At twilight this evening I took a stroll in Central Park. Standing by the granite rocks protruding from the ground I thought: these rocks were here when the first European, the first ancestor of present-day New Yorkers, stepped on the shores of an unknown river now called the Hudson.

Here in New York I received a letter from my daughter. She writes:

> DEAR PAPA: They sent me your address yesterday, so I am writing you today. At present I am writing not only stories but also poems. I even gave up writing stories for a time. I have written a poem for the school wall-newspaper. I am devoting a lot of time to music and physical exercises. Yesterday I stood on my head; I fell and sprained my neck. It hurts me very much. The frost is fierce here. I have given up skating; it is too cold. We went to the regional Soviet Congress, and brought greetings from the Pioneers. I have been devoting a lot of time to Pioneer activities. One of the girls in my school writes poems very well. We read books and study German together. Best of all, I like Pushkin's works.

I received this letter from my daughter Natasha, a girl of thirteen not very different from other Soviet girls of her age. My children—my daughter Natasha and my son Andrey—live in Kolomna, about sixty miles from Moscow. Every two weeks I make a trip to visit them for a day or two. The visit before my last took place on December 24. I arrived in Kolomna at night. Everybody was asleep, surrounded by the stillness of a frosty night in a small Russian town. All of Kolomna was asleep. I thought to myself: tonight, all over the world, people are celebrating the birth of Christ two thousand years ago. I recalled my own childhood, and the Christmas trees, and the yule logs; fortune-telling, high-school vacations, dances, parties in troika sleighs.

My children awoke me in the morning. They were gay and in a great hurry.

"What's your hurry?" I asked.

"We've got to rush off to school," Natasha said. "After school we shall visit the machine factory to see how iron castings are made. I'll be home at three o'clock."

"Don't you know, Natasha," I said, "that the whole world is celebrating Christmas today?"

"Yes, they told us in school about this survival from the Middle Ages," Natasha said, and hurried out into the sharp frost.

I was waiting for my daughter's return from school in order to talk to her; not to teach her but to learn from her, to understand her world. She came hurrying home accompanied by several girl friends, all ruddy-cheeked from the frost, and happy after their day's work. I asked about the fathers of her girl friends and learned that one of them was a shoemaker, another a physician, and a third a factory worker. The three girls all spoke more or less in the spirit of Natasha's letter which I have quoted above. Our conversation was interrupted by my son Andrey, who is passing through the adventurous period of his life. He is, of course, a bandit, a hunter, an Indian chief; his head is full of Jack London and Fenimore Cooper; his pockets are full of all kinds of rubbish—nails, pieces of string, percussion caps for toy rifles, pictures of American Indians.

After the girls had left and Andrey had gone away with his skates and a toy rifle slung across his back (he is apparently hunting elephants), Natasha said:

"Do you know what has happened to Andrey? As you know, one must be at least nine years old in order to join the Pioneers, and Andrey is only eight years old. He lied about his age and the Pioneers admitted him. Then all of a sudden they discovered he had lied about his age. The comrades of his unit, boys and girls, brought him to trial. How could he, a Pioneer, who had sworn to be honest and never tell a lie, tell such an awful lie? They nearly expelled him from the Pioneers. Later, however, they decided not to punish him so severely, and let him off with a severe reprimand. You should have seen how he suffered! For several days he ate nothing and drank nothing."

Other letters from Soviet Russia are lying on the table. One is from my wife. It says:

> Here is another glorious event: Duniasha was elected a member of the Moscow Soviet. You cannot imagine how happy, how elated she is. When she was elected she was greeted with applause and the singing of the "Internationale." The only thing which marred her happiness was the fact that her parents were not present to see her triumph.

Duniasha is our servant, a twenty-seven-year-old peasant girl of heroic physical proportions. I reread the letter and think of Duniasha and am glad. Duniasha—a member of the Moscow Soviet! She is thus my superior; she is in authority over me, and not over me alone but over the entire city of Moscow. I live in a small house on the outskirts of Moscow. In the kitchen Duniasha is mistress of the pots and pans. I am intrusted with all kinds of duties, especially with chopping wood and fueling the stove. On a frosty day it is not at all bad to struggle with a log and to win, and to sit at twilight in front of the fire. At twilight the snow behind the walls freezes in Russia with a remarkable blue frost. Once I heard at twilight the following words which Duniasha, carrying the firewood, said to my wife:

"Comrade Vladimir Ilych Lenin has said that every cook should learn how to govern. Well, I am learning."

Duniasha did not study in vain. Every evening at seven o'clock Duniasha went to school to learn how to read and write and how to govern the country. Or she would go to her club where they discussed public affairs. Once I visited Duniasha's village. During the days when the collective farms were being organized I went with Duniasha's brother, an ordinary peasant lad, to see how the collective farms are being built up. Duniasha went with us to visit her parents. In order to see everything at close range, I adopted the mode of life lived by Duniasha's brother, Stepan Romanovitch; nevertheless, I was tempted to buy tickets for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the first-class railway carriage. Duniasha asked about it:

"Are those tickets going to cost much more?"

"About five rubles more for each ticket," I said.

"Well, for five rubles we might just as well sit the whole night on the hard seats," Duniasha decided.

We took the hard seats. We had to sit up and could not sleep. All night Stepan Romanovitch recited to me poems by the classic Russian poets. He also sang some popular ballads, such as:

> Be quiet, Vanka, don't cry:
> They took mother to school;
> She has no time to feed you at her breast,
> We must all learn how to read.

Stepan told me how he served in the red army, where he learned to write verses. We did not sleep all night. At dawn we arrived at our final station. We hired one of those primitive Russian wagons and crawled along through the vast spaces of the dusty steppe until sunset. We arrived in a primitive Russian village with thatched roofs set in the melancholy of great spaces and wide fields.

Roman Arkhipovitch, the father of Duniasha and Stepan Romanovitch, was a poor peasant who did not even own a horse. There is an old custom of surprising people by an unexpected appearance, so we approached the house stealthily, and before we entered we looked through the window to see what was going on inside. Roman Arkhipovitch was sitting at a table and reading a book by the light of a tiny smoky lamp. When we entered I was curious to see what book he was reading. It was Veresayev's "Memoirs of a Physician." I was amazed because this is a book for very cultured readers. Fifteen minutes later Roman Arkhipovitch's hut was full of peasants; the table glistened with vodka glasses; peasants' eyes sparkled from behind thick beards, in the corners of the room. They asked me:

"Well, how are things in Moscow? Well, and how about the Poles? Tell us about the Germans, the English, the French."

The peasants wanted to know everything. With me they discussed public affairs. They told me they had closed the village church because it was no longer needed. When the church was closed, the priest shaved his beard off and delivered a speech on the evils of the clergy. The church was converted into a peasants' club containing a library, a reading-room, and a radio-room. Soon Roman Arkhipovitch's hut was buzzing like a beehive; everybody was discussing collective farming, tractors, economic necessity, agriculture, electrification. Serious thoughts were emphasized by good old Russian oaths which turned Duniasha's ears red.

A quiet, bearded little peasant who, in spite of the spring weather, wore a sheepskin coat and held a fur cap in his hand observed in a low voice:

"Of course, there's a lot of difference between the old ways of our grandfathers and the new ways. A tractor is not a horse. You can't drive it with a whip. For example, a hundred years ago here in Russia the American potato made its first appearance. At that time the authorities forced the people to plant them. There were terrible revolts against this in our country. At that time the kulaks declared that the potato was the devil's seed, that the people would lose their faith on account of it, and would fall into the hands of the Anti-Christ. There was a potato revolt in our province; the peasants killed about ten policemen; the authorities had the peasants flogged. Will we peasants revolt now if they take away our potatoes and forbid us to plant them? We are a revolutionary nation; we are an example to the whole world, and must inevitably build collective farms, get electricity and tractors, and live in an enlightened and civilized way."

The bearded little peasant spoke quietly, in a low voice; his eyes were clear and simple, and they gazed at a corner of the ceiling, at a spot where the ikons used to hang before they were removed to the barn. Through the window we could see a row of tractors come chugging from the fields into the garage. The village was settling down for the night. But the peasants did not go home; they continued talking for many hours, and listened to tales of my travels.

These are Duniasha's people—these peasants—Duniasha who is now a member of the Moscow Soviet! She struggles with the pots and pans, and rules Moscow!

A Russian village. Spring. A little mound of earth around a peasant hut. A Russian peasant with felt boots and a sheepskin coat sits on the mound enjoying nature and spring. It is twilight. Birds are flying through the dusk. The sun is setting. Everything seems to be at peace and happy—the earth, the sky, the peasant, the immemorial landscape. But there are possibly changes. Perhaps on the other side of the street a sign on a church says it is now a hospital; perhaps the cross on the dome has been replaced by a red flag. On the outskirts of the village a new red school has been built. The cows have returned from the fields. Girls operating tractors are coming in from the fields in the machine they have mastered. The little peasant sits on the mound of earth, in his felt boots and sheepskin coat, and is content.

The girls have driven home from the fields in their tractors. Immediately after the war it became fashionable for women to wear short skirts. That fashion also became prevalent in the Russian villages, bringing sorrow to the women. The women were sad because the fashion magazines told about short skirts, but told nothing about what should be worn underneath these skirts. And the women in the Russian villages suffered for a long time from this lack of information, for no matter how they sat in the short skirts the lace of the long old-fashioned pantalettes protruded. This crying need of Russian women was met by the cooperatives, which turned out an infinite quantity of silk shorts. However, in the Soviet Union there is no free trading; trade and goods are distributed equally, according to a general plan. Hence silk shorts for women were sent to the most remote Russian villages. It so happened that these shorts arrived in the cooperative store at the same time as the tractors which were sent to the collective farms. Nobody knows who originated the idea, but somehow it was decided that these silk shorts were to go with the tractors; they became the uniform for the women who operated the tractors. Now the girls operating the tractors on collective farms wear only silk shorts, without any skirts at all, thus going far beyond all European and American skirt reductions, and creating their own collective-farm fashion.

Here in New York it is night. I see the innumerable lights of these extraordinary, beautiful, wicked structures. Across the seas, across thousands of miles, I try to see and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hear my own country, which covers one-sixth of the earth's surface. I listen and I hear:

I hear the iron tread of the revolution. I see how all of Soviet Russia goes on, changes the tempo of life, builds. I hear the sound of axes, the groaning of excavators. I see them building, building, building. They are changing the old ways and creating a new man and new human relations. The locomotives are whistling. The country works day and night. Everyone works; nobody has the privilege of not working. Throughout the land, all those who do not work have been destroyed. All those who are against the revolution are wiped out by the revolution. Vast hydro-electric stations loom over the rivers. Smoke pours from the chimneys of factories and mills. Shafts are sunk into the mountains. Tractors crawl over the fields and steppes. From the White Sea to the Black Sea, from the Pacific to the Baltic, they are building, building, building.

Here, on the thirtieth floor of a New York skyscraper, I sit and think; I try to analyze the differences between the United States of America and the Union of Russian Soviets:

First, in the United States the man who works has to look for his job and when he has a job he must tremble lest he lose it. In the Soviet Union the job seeks the man. In the Soviet Union it is not only man's right to work but his duty. In the United States people are afraid of unemployment; in the Soviet Union only a loafer would attempt to escape work and such a loafer is a dishonorable person, because in the Soviet Union it is against the law to be unemployed.

Second, in the United States it is considered an honor to be distinguished for wealth, to be a millionaire. In the Soviet Union it is a disgrace to be conspicuous for wealth, and the ruble is neither an aim nor an incentive.

The average standard of living in the United States is six times higher than the average in the Soviet Union. The Soviet Union is pushing the Five-Year Plan in order to raise the living standards of all the inhabitants of the Soviet Union. There will be a second Five-Year Plan, with the eventual aim of creating a classless society in which the concepts of rank and estate will be abolished; a society in which there will be no noblemen, peasants, bourgeois groups, workers, or artisans. There will be only one concept—the man who works.

The Union of Soviet Socialist Republics is building, building, building. In one of the southern towns of Soviet Russia a perfume factory has been constructed under the Five-Year Plan. Last year the flower called Victoria Regia blossomed on the plantations around the factory for the first time in Soviet Russia. I visited that factory; it was as factories go—machines, motors, transmission belts; the equipment from the United States. Even now many of the factory's perfumes are being exported from the Soviet Union to Coty in France. The Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, in my opinion, constructs history by the factory method, and by the insistence that only those who work and do not exploit others who work have the right to enjoy the fruits of labor.

It is dawn in New York, and I sit looking out of the window on the thirtieth floor of a Manhattan skyscraper. There, beyond the seas, stretches Soviet Russia. I hear it building, building, building. I think: Duniasha is a member of the Moscow Soviet!

A Socialist Looks at the Swope Plan

By NORMAN THOMAS

GERARD SWOPE'S speech proposing a plan to unify industry and stabilize employment may come to rank as a milestone in American economic history. Certainly it is significant that at last one of our authentic captains of industry, one of the real rulers of America, has overcome the profound and bewildered reluctance of the high and mighty to go beyond the sorriest platitudes in telling us how to break the depression they did so much to cause and so little to avert. Obviously Mr. Swope's speech had its good points. It was a clear-cut admission that we cannot be saved by any automatic laws, that somebody must plan, that industry is responsible for its workers, and that public regulation of national industry cannot be efficiently exercised by forty-eight different States. This last admission was one of the most interesting things in the speech, for heretofore Mr. Swope's colleagues in high industrial circles have always favored State regulation, if any, and played up to States'-rights traditions and prejudices in the sure knowledge that the States would continue to prove inefficient regulators of enterprises mightier than they.

But after one has leaned over backward to give credit to Mr. Swope, the fact remains that his plan has in it few possibilities for good and many for evil, that it is far more likely, if it succeeds at all, which I doubt, to fasten upon us a curious semi-syndicalist form of capitalism than to give us planned production and distribution for use rather than profit. Let me list my objections:

1. The plan comes too late to have merit as a creative expression of the so-called new capitalism. If Mr. Swope or any other spokesman for big industry had proposed this plan even as late as the summer of 1929, we might have had some confidence in the foresight, breadth of vision, and statesmanship of our capitalist overlords. They said nothing. They let the market go plunging on. Mr. Swope's own company, the General Electric, has always been one of the chief sinners in the matter of those simple understandable forms of standardized corporation reports for which Mr. Swope pleads. Now, two years after the crash, with no relief in sight, it is impossible to have much faith in the wisdom or public spirit of big industrialists who have only begun to talk about doing that which they refused to consider in times of prosperity.

2. Mr. Swope's plan for helping workers by stabilizing employment and putting in a system of unemployment insurance involving equal contributions by employees and employers is far from satisfactory. Obviously this plan will be of no benefit in the present crisis, for the unemployed now are already unemployed and cannot participate in a fund

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which is still to be set up and which cannot accumulate any reserve for some years to come. But even looking to the future, the plan of unemployment insurance by industries is inadequate and unsatisfactory. Some industries, as the history of unemployment-insurance funds in the needle trade has already proved, simply cannot support the burden of adequate insurance if they have to meet that burden without state aid. Stronger industries united in the associations which Mr. Swope recommends can dodge the burden of unemployment insurance by passing it on to consumers. Perhaps consumers can and should bear some of the burden, but they should scarcely bear it all when the real beneficiaries of capitalism, the profit-takers, go untouched and unmentioned. In Mr. Swope's plan, part of the cost which is not passed on to consumers will be paid by the workers. Contributions aggregating 50 per cent of the total fund taken out of the inadequate wages now paid in all our industries would be a very serious burden upon the workers. To force them to carry it while the income taxpayer contributes nothing to employment insurance is a long way from that more equitable distribution of the national income which is the foundation principle of any true conquest of poverty and economic insecurity.

Even the stabilization of employment which Mr. Swope indorses and for which there is nowadays a general hurrah needs to be critically examined. Stabilization of employment in an age of great technical progress without the social compulsion of the five-day week means simply the creation of a class of permanently unemployed. The ten million now out of work can stay out of work and by technical improvements those now at work can produce what a more prosperous society may demand. At any rate, Mr. Swope offers us nothing to prevent this outcome.

3. The heart of the Swope plan is, of course, the creation of trade associations subject to some degree of control by a federal supervisory body. My first reaction to this was that Mr. Swope is more of a utopian than any Socialist I know if he thinks his scheme is practicable. It faces immense legal difficulties. Not only will the Sherman anti-trust act have to be amended or abolished; the Constitution of the United States itself will have to be changed (or radically reinterpreted by obliging lawyers) to permit any federal body to bring pressure on recalcitrant employers or corporations. Of the latter there will be plenty, never fear. In the present temper of the American business man no one can imagine the textile or the bituminous-coal industry voluntarily forming the kind of association Mr. Swope has in mind. Neither of these industries can possibly set its own house in order without closing down surplus mills or mines. The same thing is true in many another line. Mr. Swope's "voluntary associations" will face immensely greater difficulties than were faced by the redoubtable Governor Murray of Oklahoma when he used the State militia to force complacent oil operators to stop production until the price of oil went up. It will take the sternest sort of federal compulsion, not mere regulation, to line up these industries. I suspect Mr. Swope of deliberately "pulling his punches" at this point, or perhaps I should say of putting such a heavy coating of sugar on his pill that the bitterness of compulsion inherent in it was unnoticed by his listeners. Moreover, I suspect that Mr. Swope himself would not want the degree of compulsion required unless he had reasonable hope that big business could control the government, which would force little business to fall in line and be good.

Now I fully believe in the use of government as an agent in socializing basic industries. I am very suspicious, however, of the bureaucracy, tyranny, and inefficiency of using government on such a vast regulatory scale as Mr. Swope proposes. There is nothing in the history of the most successful of our regulatory authorities—the Interstate Commerce Commission—to make us look to an extension of its powers over other industries as the way out. Indeed, it looks as if the condition of the railroads would soon be forcing railroad executives to go beyond associations and regulation by the federal commission to government ownership—always providing that they can unload their securities at a high price!

In short, Mr. Swope's scheme of regulation is a probably unconstitutional plan for putting the power of government behind the formation of strong capitalist syndicates which will seek to control the government which regulates them and, failing that, will fight it.

4. Even supposing all the hurdles in the way of effective organization of trade associations were leaped, we should still be up against the question of the coordination of industries and of economic processes generally. A series of trade associations will not automatically give us a planned national economy. Mr. Swope has entirely left out the function of banks and stock markets. How can his associations regulate production and distribution if their stocks continue to be pawns and prizes for Wall Street's gamblers? Who is to take care of the entire credit situation? Suppose the Swope plan had been tried in England, would it have averted the crisis arising primarily out of banking and credit which now threatens to bring the mighty structure of British capitalism to the ground?

It is significant that on the very day after Mr. Swope's address J. S. Baker, a high official of the Bank of Manhattan Trust Company, one of the most powerful and presumably one of the soundest New York banks, solemnly exhorted all classes of New York bankers to stand against any and all changes in the banking laws. That is to say, commercial banks must be allowed to play with thrift accounts, which may or may not be properly segregated. Ambitious bank managements can form affiliates and use the depositors' money to buy the securities which the affiliates sell. It is nonsense to talk platitudes about how "laws, regulation, and supervision can never take the place of honesty, sound judgment, and conservative policy in the conduct of a bank's affairs." As long as it is legal for the First National Bank to have affiliates, the Bank of United States will play the same game. And all but the strongest of Mr. Swope's trade associations will still be the victims of bankers strong enough to come close to controlling credit throughout the United States, but not strong enough or willing enough to prevent wholesale failures in time of depression. It is amazing that the first authoritative statement on anything like a plan for industry should omit to make any mention of the role of the banks and of the stock exchange. It is perhaps even more amazing that Mr. Swope has nothing to say about the correlation and coordination of his trade associations with each other and with the financial markets. One would think that each association could live to itself, whereas, as a matter of fact, they require coordination in a general plan even more

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than our original States required coordination in a federal Union. Unless Mr. Swope wants to add a second chapter to his plan, he stands convicted of giving us a scheme with all the disadvantages of syndicalism without its great advantage—that in theory it eliminated private profit.

5. The mention of private profit brings us to the final and conclusive objection to the Swope plan, which is that it is consciously dedicated to the preservation of private profit. Mr. Swope takes away the older orthodox justifications of capitalism. He no longer trusts individual initiative, competition, and the automatic working of markets. We must have association and regulation, an economic government of engineers rather than of promoters. Yet we are still to keep the old structure of corporation securities. We are still to take care of absentee stockholders. We are still to keep private profit even when the search for profit has so far failed in managing basic industries and resources that one of our mightiest captains is forced to argue in favor of an extraordinary degree of regulation. Under the circumstances it is a wonder that his plan is no worse. The plan is weak because Mr. Swope's underlying philosophy is still weaker. For the immense mass of workers with hand and brain the question of purpose precedes the question of plan. Are we with single devotion to plan to harness the billion wild horses of industry to the service of mankind? Are we genuinely to seek that relative economic equality without which we shall not get lasting prosperity, or freedom, or peace, or brotherhood? If so, it is idle to try to dodge the issue: shall we keep the division of mankind into owners and workers? Mr. Swope's own plan is the best possible admission of the uselessness of the stockholding class. Under it more than ever are these owners divorced from responsibility. The engineer, the executive, the expert, the worker—these are the men who alone can make Mr. Swope's plan succeed at all, even as these are the men who today keep our crazy system from utter collapse.

Why not, then, be candid enough to face the facts which by implication we have all admitted? Why not accept the logic of public ownership of things necessary for the common life? There will still be difficult questions to answer. The new social order will have to be experimental. It cannot be established overnight. But it cannot be established at all unless we have some compass to steer by and some conception of the goal we want to reach. These are the things that doom to ultimate failure any scheme for plastering plan on to the essential planlessness of the profit system.

How We Solved It at Oklahoma City

By KARL PRETSHOLD

Oklahoma City, September 11

OKLAHOMA CITY long regarded its unemployment problem as a simple one. Long after the Hoover depression had hit the rest of the country, Oklahoma City boosters, chamber-of-commerce officials, and merchants proudly boasted that Oklahoma City was still "the white spot on the business map." But thousands of persons (no one took the trouble to find out the exact number) were unemployed. Hundreds of families, the victims of unemployment, lived in the "river bottom" section of the city as squatters, sheltered in tents, shacks, and hovels.

The condition of the "river bottom" folk did not worry anyone, because it was generally felt they were not really residents of Oklahoma City. They were thought of as "floaters." Many of them were tenant farmers and "share croppers" driven to the city after the drought of last year; here they hoped something would turn up. Others were families which had moved here in the hope that the oil-field boom advertised by the chamber of commerce would furnish work for the "men folks." No matter what their status they were generally left out when the charities affiliated with the community-chest organization distributed their largess.

Then the Veterans of Foreign Wars started a soup kitchen in the "river bottom." The Veterans collected discarded food from wholesale produce houses and scraps from butcher shops and restaurants, and with the aid of former army cooks turned this stuff into stew which could be eaten by a genuinely hungry person. The effort was denounced. It would, said the critics, attract families from all over the Southwest to Oklahoma City, where they would live in luxury and idleness on what would otherwise be thrown away. The Veterans ignored the criticism and fed thousands of persons daily. No questions were asked of anyone applying for food. If the men at the kitchen suspected applicants of "trying to pull any funny stuff" they dealt with each case in direct, crude, but human "army style," and they think they managed to cut "cheating" to a minimum. They were so indifferent to the necessities of scientific social-work standards that they couldn't see any harm in a hungry man getting food even if he was one of the "undeserving poor," and they didn't care if some people got two helpings.

Each day hundreds of children were given doles of stale bread and skimmed milk. All delicacies (such as figs that had spoiled and canned fruit that had gone a bit sour) were saved for the children. The critics of the soup line were, almost without exception, careful to stay away from the soup line, where they would have been compelled to see those children marching past for what (had it not been for the Veterans) would otherwise have been garbage.

With the encouragement of a committee appointed by Governor Murray, several other soup lines were established under loose State supervision. But the management of these soup kitchens became involved in bills, authority, and red tape. Their affairs have not been wholly straightened out yet. When spring came the soup kitchens of the State and that of the veterans also were closed.

With the winter safely weathered, a chamber-of-commerce committee was appointed to "assist the unemployed." The jobless residents of the city were urged to register and were promised help in finding work. Between 7,000 and 8,000 men and women listed themselves as seeking work. After a check had been made to ascertain whether they were "deserving," Jack Owens, popular civic leader, vice-presi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dent of the chamber of commerce, and head of one of the local utilities, as head of the committee placed office space and telephones at the disposal of clubwomen. These clubwomen telephoned householders asking if they could give work to unemployed persons. Grass cutting, cleaning yards, removal of trash, painting, and the usual sort of "made" work were located.

The actual placement of unemployed persons was left to already existing groups and agencies, though there were many charges of favoritism. Before this effort to help the unemployed petered out, several socially prominent members of the Junior League saw their pictures in the local papers, sitting at telephones, smiling, helping in the good work. The utility headed by Owens lost nothing by its kindness to the unemployed and the clubwomen who used its offices and telephones.

Then city administrations changed, and a new chief of police was appointed. John Watt had been a business man with a hobbyist's interest in crime and police affairs. Crime was said to be on the increase in the city, and Chief Watt, realizing that there was a relation between unemployment and crime waves, ordered a "drive" on the river-bottom squatters. The first series of raids netted more than ninety men, all of whom were charged with vagrancy. Brought to trial in police court (without benefit of counsel) the men arrested all agreed to "find work or leave town." Chief Watt announced that when the arrests had been made, his men had found the squatters in possession of clothing "which might have been stolen."

The new city administration indicated that the economic problem of unemployment and the social problem of poverty would be left in the hands of Chief Watt and his assistants. When Grover Whalen was police commissioner of New York, he used to say that there was plenty of law at the end of a cop's nightstick. Chief Watt turned his police billies into magic wands for the solution of social-economic problems, and Oklahoma City voiced no objection.

But Governor "Alfalfa Bill" Murray did. He issued an order to the police directing them to "cease and desist" from arresting "citizens of Oklahoma City" on vagrancy charges when their only offense was being without a job. The city administration, led by Mayor C. J. Blinn, replied that Murray should run the State, they would run the city. Murray retorted that anyone who had been arrested for vagrancy was forthwith pardoned, and anyone the police arrested in future would also be pardoned.

Probably for the first time in this country the chief executive of a State moved to halt police abuse of vagrancy laws. Murray's stand was praised by Walter Harrison, editor of the conservative Oklahoma City *Times*. He joined with Murray in demanding that the city "provide work as a test of whether a man is a vagrant. A vagrant is not a man out of work."

Carl Magee, editor of the Scripps-Howard Oklahoma *News* and possessor of a national reputation as a liberal, denounced Harrison and Murray in a column-long editorial. Magee became alarmed at the sight of a governor exercising clemency for whole classes of offenders—but remained calm while the police jailed, tried, sentenced, and banished scores of men whose sole offense was joblessness. Magee denounced the conditions of life in the "bottoms"—but ignored any responsibility the city might have for those conditions. He wrote his impassioned defense of a city administration he had helped elect to office a few days after returning from a chamber-of-commerce "good-will trip" through the region from which many of the squatters had been recruited.

The police continued to arrest squatters and others on vagrancy charges. One man who had a job as night watchman was arrested while on his way to work, taken to jail, and charged with vagrancy. He had $14 in his pockets and claimed that he had $161 in the bank. His bail was fixed at $20; the police refused to accept his $14 and a $6 check as bail although it is not unusual for the Oklahoma City police to accept checks as bail. He was held in jail twenty-three hours, tried, and fined $19. The fine was remitted by the police judge on the man's promise to "get work or get out of town within twenty-four hours." Released, the man found that his failure to report for work had cost him his job.

Lillian Brewster, twenty, who had been arrested several times on various charges involving immorality, was arrested twice in one evening, both times on vagrancy charges. The first time she was with a "boy friend" in a car. Both were arrested, tried, and fined; the boy friend paid both fines. Later the same evening she was arrested again and fined $11. Unable to pay, she was sent to jail to "serve it out." Lillian admitted that she wasn't a "good girl." "I got into trouble several times," she said. "Things wouldn't go right. I was broke and hungry, and I knew I wasn't going to a soup line." (Would Mr. Hoover admire this sturdy individualism, this refusal to accept a dole?) "I solicited men sometimes, but not regularly. I used narcotics a little, but I haven't for three months."

Lillian had come to Oklahoma City from downstate after her father, her grandfather, and brother-in-law had been killed in a family feud. Her father had known Governor Murray slightly. Murray, hearing of her arrest, chose to take her case, and using it as a test, fight it out with the Oklahoma City police. He telephoned the night chief of police and ordered her release. After consulting the city counsel the police decided to stand on their dignity.

A telephoned executive pardon would receive no attention, and Murray was again instructed to run the State, the city would run its own affairs. After a twenty-four-hour wordy squabble in defense of police and city prestige, Lillian was released on a written order signed by Murray.

"The Governor's order was according to law and my only course was to turn her loose," declared Chief Watt. "But before I did so I called the girl into my office and with the Governor's representative present I read to her reports of the nine times she had been arrested by the police." Chief Watt won a moral victory when "she admitted every charge" made against her and promised to "straighten up."

Governor Murray's pardon releasing Lillian again ordered Oklahoma City police to "desist" from arresting "any other persons . . . who reside in Oklahoma City and who are citizens of Oklahoma City; that is, who have resided in Oklahoma one year, in Oklahoma County six months, and in their voting precincts thirty days, which term of residence constitutes citizenship; and they shall not, in the future, be molested, nor shall any attempt be made to banish them from the city." Chief Watt then ordered that in future all vagrancy charges must be specific; that they

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

should read "vagrancy by using narcotics" or some other particular offense.

Meanwhile Oklahoma City health authorities handled the squatter problem by ordering every family in the "bottom" section to move. Most of them, it was reported by the police, "are leaving the city." "Insanitary living conditions" was given as the reason for the eviction orders.

Murray had won; Chief Watt had saved police-department dignity; Oklahoma City had won, since it considered that the squatters made up all there was of its unemployment problem and they had been driven off; and "citizens of Oklahoma City," whether jobless or not, are protected in "their constitutional rights"—provided they have "resided in their voting precinct thirty days." Neither the city administration, Governor Murray, nor Oklahoma City residents thought it strange for a city to have its economic-social problems handled by its police department.

But somehow the police solution of the problem has not kept the problem solved. A new committee on unemployment has been appointed—this time by the mayor. At this writing the committee has been in existence more than a week, but as yet has not held a meeting. A new registration of the unemployed was thought necessary and is now going forward. More than 7,500 jobless adults registered during the first three days of what Walter Harrison of the *Times* describes as a "desultory campaign" to list jobless job-seekers. He estimates that "there must be at least 10,000 and possibly 12,000 without employment. If there are 10,000 adults in Oklahoma County without employment, there are at least 25,000 to be given assistance out of a population of 185,000. That is more than 13 per cent of the population. One out of every eight persons is without work."

But, insists Mr. Harrison, "we have every reason to believe Oklahoma City and County is in much better condition than the vast majority of urban communities in the nation." Urging serious consideration of the problem, he declared $600,000 to be a "ridiculously low" estimate of what it will cost to take care of the needy of Oklahoma City this winter. Handling the job of getting that sum will "require the generous use of city, county, and State funds administered by an alert, efficient, special organization, with complete cooperation from all branches of authority, to meet this emergency. This week is not a day too early to set up the elements of the big machine to handle this greatest of civic jobs."

But "this week" has passed and no move has been made to "set up the big machine." Some weeks ago Mr. Harrison warned that the unemployed must not be "put on the dole." He urged that jobless persons be made to do some sort of work, if it "is only shoveling dirt from one side of the road to the other." Indications are that the jobless of Oklahoma City will not be given an opportunity to move much dirt "from one side of the road to the other" this winter. It is more probable that the police will again be handling the "greatest of civic jobs" by the time the snow flies.

Austria and Free Trade*

By KARL POLANYI

Vienna, September 18

CLASSICAL free trade seems dead as a door-nail. It sounds today incredible that President Wilson should have declared that the war was being fought for "the removal, so far as possible, of all economic barriers." Had it been fought and won for customs tariffs, the result could not have been more eminently satisfactory. America not only refused to ratify the Covenant of the League, she also voted the Fordney tariff. In Europe new countries like Czecho-Slovakia established tariffs to protect their new industries; old countries raised theirs to protect their old ones; Fascist Italy declared on principle for high tariffs; Communist Russia declared on opposing principles for still higher ones. One of the largest free-trade territories of the world, Austria-Hungary, was broken up and transformed into a network of customs barriers. The League of Nations has not only failed to achieve disarmament, it has also signally failed to lower European tariffs. And when the Austro-German plan for a customs union proposed this spring to establish *freer* trade in Central Europe, this move did not meet with general approval. Quite the contrary.

Indeed, the war has proved absolutely disastrous to free trade. In Central and Eastern Europe, especially in Austria, where the war originated, the tragedy of free trade was keenly understood. Austria-Hungary had never before been so centralized and unified politically as during the war, and yet under the surface she was economically quietly disintegrating under the pressure of war and blockade. Hungary practically put an embargo on foodstuffs and some agricultural raw materials to prevent their export to Austria; Austria retorted by similar measures in respect to various manufactured articles; towns were isolated from their hinterlands; province cut itself off from province; the great empire of the Hapsburgs, very nearly self-sufficient in time of peace, broke up into economically isolated regions, jealously protecting their own products, united only by the coercive power of the central military authorities. Not import prohibitions at all but embargoes on exports were thus the origin of trade restrictions. The post-war period began. Depreciation of currencies became a new barrier to trade—this time, of course, in the opposite direction, hindering imports into and furthering exports from the country suffering from inflation. The result in other countries in danger of being flooded by dumped goods was that they imposed anti-dumping duties in defense of their own wage and profit levels. Retaliation followed, although protective tariffs were often in reality independent measures having retaliation only as their excuse. Finally there is the law of inertia. In England all measures of a protectionist character—McKenna duties, key industries, anti-dumping, safeguarding—are the direct heritage of the war.

But inertia is not a sufficient factor in itself, nor are

* The sixth and last of a series of articles on free trade.—Editor The Nation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

customs tariffs more than a symptom. Free trade has never meant merely the absence of protective tariffs. It has meant the free flow of capital and labor, and equality of opportunity for human beings all over the world irrespective of the state and its authority. For a long time, at least for a whole generation, we have been getting farther and farther from this. Tariffs are only one of the impediments, and not by any means the greatest, in the way of free interchange of capital and labor, just as they are only one of the many characteristics of an independent economic entity today. Modern economic entities have very much more than protective tariffs to emphasize their independence of one another. It is not tariffs at all which prevent capital or labor from migrating; it is the cleft which all-pervading state activity is increasingly widening between one economic unit and the other. The one new development of our times is all-round state activity. Social services, health and unemployment insurance, labor exchanges, factory laws, open and secret subsidies, grants and bounties to industry, export schemes and trade facilities, grants in aid of public works or communal housing, freight rebates for many industries, state aid for banks and big enterprises—aid often made dependent by the state upon the readiness of the enterprise to engage a number of employees, to maintain wages at a fixed level, or to keep down the price of its product—these make national economies more and more different from each other. National economies become separate entities even if they do not become unities at the same time. Capitalist state activity may transform them into a very chaos; but each chaos will be separate and different from the others. The migration of labor has been held up quite as much by the existence of unemployment insurance in Europe as by the American immigration-restriction laws. In Eastern Europe foreign capital has often been "nationalized," that is, the nationals of the different countries have enjoyed very pronounced preferences in the matter of management of the foreign capital invested in their country. This is only an extreme instance of the quite general tendency of all national and nationalistic state governments to foster the great industries, especially those connected with armaments, by every means in their power. In many new states the government of the day is by far the biggest customer in the home market, and political pressure is ruthlessly brought to bear upon it to place all orders at home. Above all, that terrible consequence of the war and the peace treaties, political insecurity, is the great deterrent of loans and investments from abroad, restricting almost entirely any flow of capital and often of labor too.

Customs tariffs were once merely a commercial policy; today they are part and parcel of the whole economic fabric of a country, indissolubly bound up with the fine balance of innumerable favors and counter-favors granted to groups and individuals. The burdens of social services are sometimes the cause, though more often perhaps only the pretext, of the granting of customs duties to an industry or branch of industry, which today means more and more this or that individual trust or combine. Moreover, the twentieth century has in Europe made the working class into a political power, and the instrument with which this was achieved was trade unionism, organization by crafts. In consequence, the political influence of the masses, which was formerly that of consumers, has become more and more that of producers. It may win from the government duties in favor of the products of an industry which may help that industry to carry more easily the costs of social services.

Take again cartels. Here also customs are only one item in a tremendous protectionist machinery—an item, it is true, closely linked up with the whole. International cartels are as a rule a very much greater impediment to trade than are customs duties. The latter only hinder trade, while cartels often prevent it altogether. Now international cartels are based on national ones; national cartels, again, are generally based on customs duties, which secure for the weakest unit of the cartel a remunerative price at the cost of the consumer. Yet it is not true to say that cartels could not exist without tariffs. They would be merely more expensive to set up and less profitable in the long run. In the case of the most important cartels, for example, the International Steel Cartel, the duty was imposed in Germany explicitly in order to facilitate the creation of a national cartel which was to merge in the international one, the whole arrangement being regarded as vital to Franco-German understanding. As a matter of fact, it was not. How far, however, must our continent have already departed from free trade if governments link up peace and customs tariffs in this manner! A return to free trade, in the classical meaning of the term, without changes of a sweeping character is altogether impossible on the Continent today. State and communal activity in every sphere of economic and social life, out-of-work relief and public works included, the restriction of immigration and the trade unionism partly based upon it, international organization of trade, the growing political influence of the working classes, the new forms of the state as reflected in Fascist Italy and Soviet Russia—they are all involved. Some of them no doubt should be scrapped; but whether you think they should or should not, you cannot have free trade back on easier terms.

Austria is a typical instance of the irresistible force of this protectionist process. From a free market of some fifty-six million persons, some fifty millions were lost to Austria by the treaty. What remained of her was a small, mainly industrial region, which has to purchase its foodstuffs on the world market by exporting manufactured goods—the typical export country. There is, indeed, hardly any other land in Europe which exports a greater part of its industrial products than Austria; the percentage is nearly 40. In the first years of her new existence, famished Austria was rescued by artificial nutrition; later depreciation of the currency restricted imports and stimulated exports; stabilization of the currency in 1922 started Austria as the country in Central Europe destined to be the very champion of free trade. *Scrap customs tariffs and the economic problem of Austria is solved the same day.* As a matter of fact, for several years she represented, as it were, the free-trade conscience of Europe. Look at her now. By a piecemeal raising of duties in the course of years she has ceased altogether to be a free-trade country. Customs duties on total imports attain now some 13 per cent—not less than the average in the ill-famed protectionist countries around us.

The one specific factor which speeded up this development was the Eastern European agrarian crisis. It forced up agricultural tariffs in Germany, and consequently in Austria, to formerly unheard-of levels (this sinister sort of solidarity between agrarians and industrialists was in practice on the Continent even before the war), and thereby it

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

forced up tariffs for manufactured articles to an equal extent. The agrarian crisis is at present the strongest single factor working for customs tariffs in Central and Eastern Europe. Central Europe is taking the lead by establishing protective tariffs against the grain surplus of Eastern Europe; Eastern Europe retaliates with protective tariffs on manufactured articles as a bargaining asset. The result is a foregone conclusion: the organized interests in both groups of countries agree to stabilize both agricultural and industrial tariffs on a maximum level. The agrarian problem in Europe is of course widely different from that existing in the United States, where farming is more or less regarded as business. With us it is that condition of life to which God has called the peasantry; it is neither an occupation nor a business, it is a tradition. Growing grain on small patches of land which have been for generations, sometimes for centuries, in the possession of one family is called agriculture in Europe. It would be of no more avail to the typical peasant to keep accounts of profits and losses than it would have been to a medieval husbandman. He sits on the land like the lichen on the rock. Free importation of grain would tear out at a single pull this artificially nourished overgrowth, lay bare the foundations of society, deprive it of its conservative trappings, and make the working class politically supreme. This is the social and economic background of the idea of *regional preferences* which was so closely bound up with the Austro-German customs-union plan, shattered to pieces at the last meeting of the League Council at Geneva. The regional-preference plan is, in short, this: Consider the grain-exporting states of Eastern Europe (Hungary, Rumania, and Jugoslavia, eventually also Bulgaria and Poland) as forming one group; the grain-importing states of Central Europe (Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Germany) as forming another group. Would not a regional understanding between these two groups naturally lead to a much more rational organization of trade than exists at present? A reciprocal agreement between the two homogeneous groups for lower industrial tariffs on the one hand and for lower agrarian tariffs on the other would realize a measure of free trade in this large territory.

A measure of free trade, *freer trade*—we cannot ask for more. Free trade as a slogan of international commerce was only a substitute for larger economic units. The historical function of free trade was the abolition of provincial barriers to trade, the establishment of the United States of America, of United France, United Italy, United Germany. When no further step toward still larger units was possible on a national basis, the emphasis of free trade shifted to the international: the abolition of customs tariffs between states, the establishment of bilateral commercial agreements and most-favored-nation clauses—the characteristics of pre-war free-trade practice. We have shown how the war and the treaties, working-class emancipation, and modern state action have started a wave of protectionism all over Europe. Does that mean that the essence of free trade, the subdivision of the world's labor with its highly favorable concomitant effects, has at last spent its force? Not at all. Instead of indiscriminate international freedom of interchange free trade is working back to the old lines of creating larger free-trade territories, larger than the old national states. Integration is proceeding anew. The United States is the main free-trade territory in the world today. New Russia follows next. The British Empire has been since the war linking up its parts more closely. All three are increasingly protectionist, whether we like it or not. The Central and Eastern European agrarian crisis is working for *freer trade* in this vast territory.

The question is today: how can we have freer trade *between these territories?* The sooner Central and Eastern Europe organize into a new economic unit—a customs union between Germany and France is the key also to this question—the easier and the better this all-including problem can be tackled. Russia is definitely seeking an agreement with Western Europe and America, and wishes to organize trade with them on a large scale. But what about Europe and America? Russian customs duties are indeed prohibitive, but the foreign-trade monopoly makes them illusory: exporters to Russia sell to the foreign-trade commissariat, not to individual Russian consumers; the amount of the duties does not affect them. Between Europe and the United States it is different. Customs tariffs may become here just as great an impediment to trade as the Soviet foreign-trade monopoly. But while Communist Russia is increasingly organizing trade between itself and the rest of the world, the capitalist United States is fast abolishing trade between itself and Europe.

In the Driftway

A FRIEND of the Drifter's is building a house in the country. It is an extremely modest house, four rooms on one floor with an open attic above. Designed for a woman no longer young who will live in it sometimes alone, it is equipped with such labor-saving devices as a small country house can have—no extra steps to climb, no water to fetch from a well, a modest furnace instead of the more picturesque and troublesome stoves and open fires. The tenant frankly expects to eat her meals in the pleasant kitchen. But it is a house on the edge of an orchard and just above a brook; the design is copied from much older New England farmhouses nearby; the new pine woodwork is unpainted and warmly amber in color. The Drifter has wandered in and out of the house himself a number of times, listening to the comments of visitors and workmen. And with no prejudices of his own about houses one way or another, for this small new house he has heard nothing but praise.

* * * * *

THE general approval is not entirely explained by the charming situation, the good sense shown in construction and planning, or the agreeable appearance of the rooms now they are completed. The contractor brought his wife up to show her the house while it was building, although he is engaged at the same time on several other dwellings. The carpenter brought his wife also; two or three farmer neighbors dropped in and looked around, and in a day or so their women-folks in turn made a tour of inspection and departed, half in satisfaction and half in envy. City dwellers, tied to penthouse apartments in which they have every comfort and asset that large rents can buy, were loud in their delight. The pattern of their remarks followed the comment of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

contractor to Mrs. Contractor: "Look here," he said, "look at this little house. Neat, isn't it, and comfortable? Just as nice as it can be. Why do we have to live in a great big house full of rooms, when there are only two of us? Why can't we live in a little house like this?"

* * * * *

THE Drifter, listening in, is moved to the profound although perhaps not entirely original observation that everyone would like to simplify his life. From a large house full of rooms to a small one; from a city full of mechanical wonders to the orderly peace of an orchard and a brook; from acetylene lamps blazing on every corner to black roads lit only by a moon and kerosene lamps for light within: this is the direction the spirit takes, if the feet are loath or unable to follow. It might be well for our latest and most ardent pioneers, those engaged in making a new Russia, to ponder a little upon this strange quirk in human nature. For they are engaged with all their vast energy, their stupendous natural wealth, their millions of men and women in making life more complicated, in increasing wants, in introducing new devices, new tools, new processes by which the machine can be glorified and man released from slavery. They may find, when the Five-Year Plan and succeeding five-year plans have made this possible, that in realization the complications are more burdensome than helpful. Man is an irrational animal. When society is completely and finally organized, in large, economical, utilitarian units in which there are no waste and no false motions, it may be that small houses set by themselves will seem to him very comforting.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Clifford Hershel Moore

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the death of Clifford Hershel Moore a strong personality is lost not only to American classical scholarship but also to university education as a whole. Dean Moore passed the greater portion of his life in the service of Harvard University. But he taught for a while at the University of Chicago, and in his early years he had some experience of secondary teaching at Phillips Academy, Andover. He also served for a long period as a trustee of Phillips Academy. He consequently had occasion throughout his life to become well acquainted with the problems of American education in both school and college. A man of warm personal attachments, he maintained close relations with friends and colleagues in many institutions, and those associations also contributed to his exceptionally broad knowledge of the academic world.

His own career was admirably representative of the best traditions of the profession. He was one of the most effective Latin teachers of his generation. But his own interest was always strongly directed toward literature and history, and particularly toward the history of the Greek and Roman religions. During the last years of his life he was increasingly occupied with educational administration. He became dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences at a time when the president of the university found it necessary to delegate to the dean many powers and duties previously exercised or discharged by himself and his predecessors. In particular, the dean took over the management of the faculty budget and of departmental appointments. So Dean Moore rapidly became, next to President Lowell, the most important administrative officer in the Cambridge departments of the university. His new duties called for business efficiency, a firm will, and the conscientious exercise of judgment. Not only did he discharge them successfully, but he found the time and energy to take a large share in planning and promoting some of President Lowell's more important educational projects, such as the house plan and the tutorial system. He was a loyal supporter of the administration and at the same time a man of independent mind.

Cambridge, Mass., September 8 F. N. ROBINSON

The *Daily Nation*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Boston *Daily Advertiser* of December 23, 1872, contains a letter from its New York correspondent, dated December 20. In part it reads as follows:

> Mr. Croly, who lately resigned the managing editorship of the *World*, is said to be arranging for the publication of an illustrated daily paper. Others possibly hit nearer the truth when they say that he is to take the managing editorship of Mr. Godkin's *Daily Nation*. This new enterprise, a daily edition of *The Nation*, Mr. Godkin is said to have determined to start with a capital of $100,000. He is a courageous man and has a wonderful faith in the American reading public if he does so. The idea he has, I understand, is a sort of American *Pall Mall Gazette*.

New York, August 10 PERCIVAL MUSGRAVE

Can Such Things Be?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We have been much pleased by reading in *The Nation* your impartial presentation of vital problems. But your view of the tariff question does not seem to us to befit a magazine of your caliber. Do away with the tariff and immediately the Roman Catholic convents of all countries will dump their goods into this country. American factories and labor will be at a standstill and the convents with their child labor will prosper. There are Roman Catholic convents in the United States that use free child labor, pay no taxes or license fees, and sell their products to the greedy department stores at a large profit, while American labor which pays taxes is walking the streets. Can you approve of that, and, besides, clamor for the abolishment of the tariff in order to make matters worse?

Chicago, September 15 G. S. GARTONG

The New River Ruling

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In my article on President Hoover's appointments in *The Nation* of July 22 I stated that the Federal Power Commission had "completely flabbergasted the pessimists by administering a body blow to parties bent on dismembering the Water Power Act." That statement was based on the face of the record and is in keeping with the judgment of most commentators on the subject; but I am informed by a Washington friend who is familiar with the technicalities of the power situation that it needs grave modification, if not cancelation. According to the version of my technical adviser, the commission held

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"that the construction of the plant at the point designated would affect interstate and foreign commerce below." This is a clear holding that the New River was non-navigable at the point of construction, which holding was directly and is directly opposed to the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States. In other words, the only holding that could be made to protect the public interest would be a direct holding that the river was navigable at the point of construction, and the Power Commission simply straddled the question. I should like to enter a warning to your readers against assuming that this single ruling of the Power Commission has settled anything vital in the public interest.

New Milford, Conn., September 15 CHARLES A. BEARD

French Aims

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It was most encouraging to read Mr. Villard's article in *The Nation* of August 12. I am a stranger here and am often amazed how little the majority of American journals and newspapers know of the aims of France. How can anyone except a French person excuse the intriguing of France and its jealousy and envy of other nations? It has always tried to keep Italy irritated and Germany utterly "down and out." Fortunately your paper is not afraid. It is refreshing also to read Senator Borah's remarks. Good luck to you all in trying to crush these war aims!

New York, August 15 H. S. REID

A Correction

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of September 23, in an article Gun-Rule in Kentucky, Herbert Abel speaks of "the shooting from ambush of Bruce Crawford, editor from Norton Gap, West Virginia." That statement is incorrect as Mr. Crawford is the editor of *Crawford's Weekly*, published in Norton, Virginia.

New York, September 16 FRANK PALMER

Contributors to This Issue

BORIS PILNYAK is the author of "The Volga Flows to the Caspian Sea."

NORMAN THOMAS, a contributing editor of *The Nation*, is the author of "America's Way Out."

KARL PRETSHOLD is an Oklahoma newspaperman, at present engaged in publicity work.

KARL POLANYI is one of the editors of the Austrian *Volkswirt*, the foremost economic journal of Vienna.

HOWARD MCKINLEY CORNING is the author of a book of poems, "The Mountain in the Sky."

WILLIAM SEAGLE is an assistant editor of the Encyclopaedia of the Social Sciences.

GUY B. JOHNSON is the author of "John Henry: Tracking Down a Negro Legend."

VIRGINIA MOORE is a Southern poet.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN is on the staff of the New York *Times Book Review*.

EDWIN M. BORCHARD is professor of international law at Yale University.

PAUL ROSENFELD is the author of "By Way of Art" and one of the editors of "The American Caravan."

Finance

England—Workshop or Bank?

THE sharp rise in prices on the stock and bond markets early last week, followed immediately by a heavy downward reaction, was apparently an impulsive response to the news of industrial wage cuts and, strange as it may seem, to the suspension of gold payments at London. From one point of view, Wall Street doubtless regarded both events as part of the same "constructive" story; namely, the lightening of an impossible burden resting on the shoulders of enterprise and a step toward bringing down production costs. Certain British newspapers are quoted as regarding the lapse from gold as almost an unmixed blessing.

If this view gains ground, will England make the effort to bring sterling back to the old parity and resume payments at that level, as was done in 1821 and 1925 and on two or three intervening occasions? The familiar advantages of a depreciated currency are claimed for sterling in its present state. It is expected to stimulate British exports by making it cheaper for foreigners to remit money into the country, to check imports by increasing their cost, and to bring about that reduction in wages and in "contractual" incomes which the Macmillan committee, in its recent report, regarded as so desirable but so hard to attain. Concerning most of these expected developments it will be well to suspend judgment. The food and raw materials which England must import in such enormous amounts may be expected to rise in price proportionately to the fall in sterling quotations. Even so, unless wages advance correspondingly, one factor in the cost of manufacturing, relative to foreign costs, will be lower.

But in the British economic scheme London the world's banker is not invariably in harmony with England the world's workshop. An international money center, according to tradition, must be a place from which foreigners can always take out as much money, in gold value, as they previously put in, and a fluctuating or depreciated pound sterling defeats this ideal. A currency not firmly based on gold is regarded as an impossible currency for a nation which aspires to do a great share of the world's banking business. When gold payments were resumed in 1925, the maintenance of London's position as a money market was a powerful motive, though the probable ill effects on labor and industry were clearly stated by critical observers.

There are some grounds for doubting whether the blot on sterling's escutcheon will itself cause a drastic curtailment of London's financial activities. For a hundred years that city happened to possess the most stable, the most liquid, the best-located, and the cheapest money market in the world. It also happened to be the only market where gold could be had on demand, but whether this was the *sine qua non* of London's preeminence has not been conclusively demonstrated.

New York, immovably enthroned on a mountain of gold, may provide the test. That center will need to develop the skill and the world-wide connections which London enjoys. It will also need, one may suspect, to provide markets in which call-loan rates no longer oscillate violently between 1 and 10 per cent, in which the Stock Exchange's most famous security does not drop precipitously from $260 to $75, and in which bill rates can be depended on to maintain a fairly level course. Foreigners, whether they come to us as borrowers or lenders, are likely to attach some importance to the market value of the instruments which they can convert into gold on demand.

S. PALMER HARMAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books, Art, Drama

Toward the Mountain

By HOWARD McKINLEY CORNING

Inordinate and cool and white
The mountain crystals on the sight.
The mountain where the traveler sets
His sore tread on lean parapets
That lead him to high levels, where
He leans against the lens of air.
As now I lean. As men before
Have risen from the valley's floor,
And in the thinning air beheld
The white peak nearer, and were quelled.
As now I stand—nor will to go
Over the higher crest of snow.
Nor wish to turn back; nor can live
Without this mountain; fugitive
From low terrains, from shade, from earth
That would draw back the dust to birth.
Yet cannot mount. And in this calm
Replenished, and in this cool balm
Made sure of heights the mountain shares,
And sure beyond the pride's despairs,
I wait. And thereby taste of heaven—
The body of this death forgiven.

The Cooling Melting-Pot

Deportation of Aliens from the United States to Europe. By Jane Perry Clark. Columbia University Press. $5.

SEVERAL years ago, while preparing a book on obscenity, I had occasion to interview Louis F. Post, who had been Assistant Secretary of Labor in the Wilson Cabinet. Previously, as a magazine editor, he had campaigned against the postal censorship. The obscenity laws are worth mentioning here, because since the time of my visit the zeal of reformers has secured the privilege of judicial review in cases in which the United States Customs threatens to bar a book from the country. Judicial review is not a matter of right to an alien threatened with deportation. The situation thus is that a shipment of "The Arabian Nights" is far better secured in these United States than the happiness of thousands of aliens. At the time I talked to Post he was a shattered man in his last illness, and I have always believed that the experiences which he described in his "The Deportations Delirium of 1920" had a great deal to do with hastening his death. His sensitiveness must have made Post a martyr, but he died in vain. In 1920 only some 3,000 aliens were deported. In 1930 almost 17,000 aliens were deported, and the number is increasing. Some 100,000 aliens a year must be going through the deportation mill. What not even patriotism could accomplish is now being brought to pass under the strain of economic depression. The Knights of American Labor, the sons of immigrants themselves, want strict deportation laws, and the redoubtable Mr. Doak is straining himself to enforce those on the books.

Miss Clark has performed a great public service in executing her present survey. Indeed, it has been mentioned with every token of approval by the Wickersham Commission in its recently issued report on the deportation of aliens. If Miss Clark is more objective than any immediate descendant of immigrant parents would be, it is perhaps just as well, for her revelations are all the more damning when recounted without indignation. Nevertheless, it seems to me that no American of any generation should be able to read her book without experiencing a marked feeling of disgust for the manner in which the great government of the United States is abandoning its long-standing tradition of hospitality toward the alien.

Miss Clark's description of the present deportation laws makes it quite clear that they represent a complete discard of all the fundamental notions of civilized jurisprudence. Deportation legislation may be *ex post facto,* and may thus be changed in such a way as to affect an alien's rights even after entry. The normal criminal law of all civilized countries recognizes statutes of limitation, but most of the violations under the deportation laws cannot be canceled by time. Even where limitations exist, the courts have impaired them by holding that "entry" means not the time of original entry into the country but of last entry. Thus an alien of twenty years' residence who goes for a week's vacation to Canada "enters" the country when he recrosses the border. Moreover, an alien once deported upon even the most technical ground may never seek to reenter the country. Deportation is permanent banishment. It is normally conceded that laws should be definite and certain in their application, but the grounds of deportation in our immigration laws are often vague and uncertain in the extreme. What is a crime involving such "moral turpitude" that it will allow the deportation of an alien? Originally a provision intended to protect political refugees, it has proved a boomerang, for it has made it possible for even misdemeanors to be held to involve turpitude. Petit larceny, violations of liquor statutes, or filing a false income-tax return may constitute it. The possibility of deportation for radical opinion opens a wide door, although it must be confessed that Miss Clark's investigation does not show a frequent resort to this ground at present. It is hardly necessary where the availability of the notorious "L. P. C." provision is considered. This makes it possible to deport any alien within five years of entry when at the time of entry he was "liable to become a public charge"—a prescription of so elastic a character that it has terrorized that part of the immigrant population which has been unable to stand the strain of the breakdown of prosperity.

However, Miss Clark has not contented herself merely with an examination of the deportation laws. These show merely the possibilities. She gives a vivid picture of their administration which shows the disgraceful extent to which possibilities have been realized. In addition to her study of the general factors in the situation, she offers 612 case histories in two groups from the years 1925 and 1930 respectively.

It is, of course, impossible for me here to recount these "human interest" stories, and it must suffice for me to say that a number of them are almost incredible. The administration of the deportation laws is not even remotely calculated to protect the alien's rights. Warrants are often issued as the result of anonymous and secret information. Indeed, the immigration service, which is undermanned, depends a great deal upon the widespread snooping of public organizations and philanthropic agencies and on private sneaks. Social workers report that aliens in want will not apply to charities for fear of being reported as an "L. P. C." Once arrested, the alien has to meet tremendous odds to escape being railroaded out of the country. He is usually too poor even to employ counsel; he is encouraged to make statements under circumstances in which he has only a faint idea of the gravity of his situation, and immigration inspectors act as judges, juries, and prosecutors, all in one. Since the advisory board of review within the Department of Labor

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

acts upon the evidence of the inspectors, it is small protection to the alien. And, as far as judicial review is concerned, where the alien has sufficient means to secure it, it is confined to narrow jurisdictional questions, and does not afford reexamination of the facts. Perhaps the most outrageous treatment of the alien lies in the forms of detention to which he is subjected both while awaiting hearing and before deportation. He is often thrown into a common county jail with ordinary criminals. Ironically, in some cases aliens have escaped deportation because no passports could be secured from the country of origin.

What can be done in this lamentable situation? Even illegal entrants are not always miscreants. Sometimes they are lured into the country by villainous labor racketeers. We have some responsibility even toward alien criminals who may be the victims of our own social conditions. Miss Clark shows a rare intelligence in dealing with the remedies for the abuses of deportation. Changes in the law there must be, of course. Even under existing law the erection of a special administrative court with personnel and procedure approximating that of the ordinary courts can no doubt accomplish much in the way of alleviation. If the alien cannot have the benefits of our native constitutional law, he should at least have that of the *droit administratif*, which fittingly enough is of European inspiration. To be sure, not too much is to be expected of an administrative court when the far from satisfactory record of our ordinary courts in deportation cases is considered. Miss Clark sees very clearly that the problem of deportation is international in its bearings, and that its ultimate solution cannot be achieved in a world of national states. As long as these exist, we must be prepared to see enforced some deportation laws. In truth, as I see it, deportation and exclusion laws belong to the same category of measures as tariff laws. It is no less important for national states to exclude foreign goods than foreign labor. It is no mere coincidence that we have the highest tariff laws in our history at the same time that we have the most savage enforcement of deportation laws.

WILLIAM SEAGLE

A Mighty Legend

John Henry. By Roark Bradford. With Woodcuts by J. J. Lankes. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

THE Negro legend about John Henry, strong man who "beat the steam drill down" but "died with his hammer in his hand," is one of the masterpieces of American folklore. And now Roark Bradford has written a book about John Henry—but not the John Henry of the legend. His is a jazz version, so to speak, adapted to a lower Mississippi River setting. The old John Henry was a tragic, almost a sacred, figure. He symbolized man versus the machine. This new John Henry is a tragic personality also, but in so far as he symbolizes anything it is man versus woman. True, he meets his death in a contest with a machine as did John Henry of old, but the parallelism does not extend much beyond that fact. Not that it matters much, but one rather hates to see one's favorite American ballad and legend sprout more new variants between the covers of one novel than it would in fifty years of normal folk growth.

> The night John Henry was born the moon was copper-colored and the sky was black. . . . The panthers squalled in the brake like a baby and the Mississippi River ran upstream a thousand miles. John Henry weighed forty-four pounds. . . . He came into the world with a cotton-hook for a right hand and a river song on his tongue. . . .

Thus begins this tall tale of the black Paul Bunyan. John Henry soon wanted to be "gittin' around," so he went to the steamboat landing and began to roust cotton. He would take a five-hundred-pound bale on his shoulders and tote it while the other Negroes rolled theirs. Then he went up to the Black River country and rousted ten thousand tall razor-back hogs for the Big Jim White to haul down the river so that the folks down there could have hog meat with their turnip greens. Next he went to the Bends and showed everybody how to pick the big cotton crop. He showed old Billie Bob Russell something about building the Yellow Dog railroad. They built it before the sun went down, "but John Henry wasn't there when the job was done. For John Henry was a man and he meant to get around!"

That was John Henry—he could outwork a dozen men because he was "f'm de Black River country whar de sun don't never shine," and he had to be on the move. But he couldn't handle the women. There was Poor Selma the whore-lady, the kittenish Ruby, the "too anxious" Delia, and the only woman he ever really cared for, the faithless Julie Anne. He could quit Delia and Ruby and even Poor Selma, whose boast was that she couldn't be quit, but Julie Anne quit *him*, and he couldn't get her off his mind. When he found her she was penitent. "I never did love no man but you," she told him, "but I got so lonesome in dat Yaller Dog camp, darlin', I'd a run off wid a mule efn he had pants on." But next day it was the same old story. While John Henry was working hard rousting cotton and boasting about his good woman, that inevitable "nigger named Sam" was creeping to Julie Anne's back door. Finally John Henry couldn't stand it any longer, and to ease his weary soul he went to the church where old Hell-buster was preaching and let the Lord take his burden. He told his Julie Anne goodby and went out to roust some cotton. But there was a steam winch on the job now, and John Henry tried to beat it loading cotton. He died with his hook in his hand just as the sun went down.

"John Henry" just misses being a brilliant piece of work. At times it almost gets down to something vital, something elemental in Negro life. There is a little too much of the tall-tale and big-talk sort of thing—and yet it may be that it will live for just that reason. The dialect is of a sort that never was on land or sea, but that is perhaps appropriate and quite forgivable in a strong-man extravaganza like this. If it is a whopping tale told interestingly that one wants, then here it is, but Bradford will not do his best Negro work until he gets rid of his tendency toward burlesque.

GUY B. JOHNSON

The Changing South

Penhally. By Caroline Gordon. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

THE unit of the old South was the family and not the individual. Caroline Gordon, in reciting the emotional history over a period of a hundred years of the Llewellyn-Crenfrew-Allard connection, which is simply "family" on a more inclusive scale, produces in the reader by cumulative effect a sad and powerful sense of changing time and interrupted destiny. In "Penhally" she has not swung to the extreme of sentimentality which used to distort and prejudice many novels about the South, or to the opposite and latter-day extreme of hard disparagement—I regret to say by Southerners—which is likewise falsifying many novels about the South. She has taken the middle way of implicit praise and censure, of divination by sympathy, of sensitive observation and honest reporting. She has realized that the truth about the South before the war, during the war, and since the war is a blending of many elements; is a question of relation and proportion. Her charac-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ters are not saints and villains. In them the strengths and weaknesses of humanity are more subtly mixed. Old Nicholas Llewellyn, who quarreled with his brother Ralph and made so much trouble for their descendants, was himself not devoid of some of the sustaining virtues. John Llewellyn, the old gentleman's heir, and to my notion the finest single study in a complex book, would have done better by himself and others to have kept false pride from tainting justifiable pride in the matter of Alice Blair. Alice Blair, of the blighted love, in the end took the weary consequences of both courage and cowardice. Chance, John Llewellyn's estimable grandson, had no call to shoot his brother on the last page of the book, though the brother had sold a birthright for a mess of pottage—Penhally for a hundred thousand dollars. Indeed, that final violence leaves me not entirely convinced. Like the last third of the book it is not quite so clearly and solidly motivated as the rest of the story. I would prefer the quiet rehearsal of quiet events (unemphasized, as the word is used by Yeats, who says all good style is "unemphasized") to carry the quiet meaning to its modern, tragic, and humiliating conclusion.

But this is a small reservation in a large admiration. "Penhally" is a novel far above the ordinary. More, it is important, because it condemns by worthier example those novels which betray the South and put her in derision by a treatment either too saccharine or too brutal. It approaches in excellence, and is not unlike in style, Elizabeth Madox Roberts's novels of Kentucky. (Is Penhally in Kentucky or Tennessee? The publisher on the dust-cover and the author in the story seem to give ground for thinking the one or the other.) Like Stark Young's "River House" it centers around an estate and is in part the record of family estrangement. But it has its own particular character because the mind which engendered it is like no other. In what, it is to be hoped, will be a true renaissance of literature in the South, this mind cannot be spared. It is in quality distinguished and lovely.

VIRGINIA MOORE

American Culture Again

Culture and Education in America. By Harold Rugg. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.75.

THIS book offers special difficulties to the reviewer. For whom, first of all, was it written? The reader who is normally attracted by such a title as "Culture and Education in America," should he chance to pick up the book, would meet much familiar material in the first three hundred pages. If he had already read R. H. Tawney's "Religion and the Rise of Capitalism," the Beards's "The Rise of American Civilization," Mumford's "The Golden Day" and "Sticks and Stones," James's "Pragmatism," and a book or so by Dewey, then he would be justified in skipping the first three hundred pages. It is Dr. Rugg's thesis that an adequate description of society must precede any reconstruction in education, and by reference and summation he provides such a description. What the book amounts to, on this side, is a kind of table of contents to a literature, and should it fall into certain hands—say, the audience tapped by Mr. Haldeman-Julius, or young teachers who have not gone much beyond the three R's and the old history—why, it should have high value. But will it reach this audience? One rather doubts it—and then, there is the final rather technical sixth section of the book, which deals with education in terms too abstruse for those who would most profit by Dr. Rugg's description of society.

Yet one supposes that a review of forces leading to the development of Industria and the Great Technology can do no harm to anyone, no matter how well informed he may be. And Dr. Rugg is always intelligent in his résumé. He knows a good book when he reads one, and he provides an adequate digest of Tawney, Beard, Emerson, Whitman, Louis Sullivan's "The Autobiography of an Idea," Frank, Brooks, Bourne, Peirce, Dewey, and James. Here, if anywhere (Tawney excepted, of course), are the seminal minds of American thought, and Dr. Rugg has the unerring wit to know it. His objections to pragmatism are well taken, and are mainly those offered by Bourne, Frank, and Harold Stearns ten or more years ago. There is some evidence that these objections have had their effect on Dewey himself, who seems to be revising his philosophy in their light, but it can do nothing but good to repeat them for the benefit of those who make a god of technique without asking, "To what end, this technique?"

On the whole there can be little objection to the thinking in the first sections of Dr. Rugg's book. In the sections devoted specifically to education, to the distinction between study of "intrinsic situations" and "described situations," there is little at which to cavil. The absurdities that have come to pass in the name of the New School do not beguile Dr. Rugg; he keeps his feet on the ground, and is willing to salvage much from traditional education. But he is blind to the impasse into which he is running. He hopes for the salvation of democracy through primary and secondary education, and does not see that this education can be no more than a reflex of the very political situation—government by Koenig men or Tammany men, Vare men or Grundy men—that he sincerely deplores. Dr. Rugg ought to be the first to know that the stream of mass education can rise no higher than its source in political representation; the school board is of a piece with plutocratic control in city hall and legislature. Certain endowed schools, no doubt, might be able to put Dr. Rugg's theories into very fruitful practice; but regeneration of the body politic as a whole must come, we feel, from some source outside of the public school. We may be wrong; but we are willing to make a little bet with Dr. Rugg: that George Counts, who decided a year ago that the American school was all dressed up with no place to go, would agree with us. A laissez faire society can tolerate nothing but a school system that will not embarrass by asking certain questions, and Dr. Rugg in his heart knows as much. The last section of his book, therefore, is premature; it should follow a number of treatises on government such as Americans, who like to hide behind talk of "new eras" and "rugged individualism" (the latter conceived in deceptive terms of the rule-bound track meet), do not know how to write.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

What Rights Have Neutrals?

Maritime Trade in War. Lectures on the Freedom of the Seas. By Lord Eustace Percy. Yale University Press. $2.

THIS is quite a remarkable book. It consists of six lectures delivered at the Williamstown Institute of Politics by a distinguished Englishman—lectures in which he undertakes, in a broad sweep, to analyze and explain the legal relations between belligerents and neutrals in time of war, and to propose possible solutions for the present conflict of views. Recognizing what he claims is the confusion and uncertainty in the subject and the fact that the United States and Great Britain seem to entertain different views upon it, he undertakes to discuss the policies and justifications which led to the adoption of the British practices in the late war and indicates how far they might be modified in the future. Without once explaining to the reader what are the underlying reasons for the whole structure of maritime law in this respect, namely, the distinction between combatant and noncombatant and the necessity for a working compromise between belligerent mili-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tary and neutral trading privileges, he presents what in the main must be regarded as a defense of the British practices in the late war as the outcome of the "logic" of the existing rules —practices which ultimately wiped out any neutral rights. He freely admits that Great Britain by these practices, including blacklists, controlled the trade of the world, but suggests that Great Britain would not resort to these extremes in an ordinary war, but only in an extraordinary war (p. 49), and that the solution of the question of freedom of the seas in the future lies in a distinction to be made between just wars and unjust wars—the "just" belligerent to have a fairly free hand which neutrals shall concede, the "unjust" belligerent to be greatly restricted. Presumably if one cannot tell which is the "just" side—and that would be in most cases—the objective law shall prevail. The author now endeavors to justify as presumably lawful on "logical" grounds measures which the British Government, during the war, did not venture to excuse on any other ground than that of retaliation for enemy illegality. He is not impressed with the practicality of League wars against aggressors or with the possibility of abolishing the status of neutrality. He believes that the conflict (which occasionally he suggests—though, I believe, incorrectly—to be one between the Continental view and the Anglo-American view) must be settled before a new war breaks out, but he admits that an international conference would not be appropriate because it would probably make matters worse, and that the better mode of procedure would be for private groups of experts, first an Anglo-American group, endowed with a statesmanlike outlook, to undertake drafts of proposed rules which should be submitted for consideration to governmental bodies and public opinion, in order thus to accomplish the desired end without friction. He does not think that the United States and Great Britain would easily submit differences which arise in actual cases to an international tribunal until an agreement on the rules has been reached.

The argument of the book is fundamentally influenced by certain misconceptions which make its assumptions and conclusions unacceptable and even jeopardize any international understanding on the question. The learned author seems to believe that inasmuch as the law accords a belligerent the right to "blockade" and to seize contraband, therefore, if hard pressed, the belligerent can in "logic" use any measures he sees fit to keep goods from reaching his enemy, whether directly or indirectly, and can extend at will the contraband lists because anything might be of use to the enemy military plans. He thus explains why the British Government in the late war felt obliged by Orders-in-Council to prevent any goods, particularly foodstuffs, from reaching even neutral countries whence they might find their way into Germany, notwithstanding the fact that neutral traders had a perfect legal right not only to send these goods into neutral countries, but even directly into belligerent countries. The author seems to believe that the certainty of no trade at all is better for the neutral than the uncertainty as to what the belligerent will permit. The law—which is by no means so uncertain as the author seems to think—has grown through several hundred years so as to protect noncombatants against starvation, except by a prescribed limited type of blockade, and to protect neutrals in their right to trade in non-military goods even with belligerents. Blockade is a strictly limited military measure of investing a port, analogous to land siege. With such a specific siege or blockade, neutrals may not interfere. Lord Percy at times seems to believe that blockade looks only to a whole coast, and that as this was impossible to the British in the case of Germany, therefore they were justified in adopting other measures to achieve the same end. He does not concede that these "measures of blockade" were illegal, though Jefferson in 1793 and Wilson in 1915 correctly so characterized them. The author admits that the "measures" were an economic weapon against the civilian population, though at times he defends the measures on the ground that the goods thus kept out of Germany might have reached military forces. Goods always might reach military forces, but that never has justified the exclusion of any except admittedly military goods, such as munitions and their analogues. To justify the seizure of goods conditionally contraband (like foodstuffs) their specific destination for military forces had to be not merely possible, but absolutely proved. Noncombatants also eat. Like Sir Samuel Evans, Lord Percy does not see the "logical" distinction between absolute contraband and goods "conditionally contraband." The emphasis on "logic" in this examination of the subject indicates fundamental misconceptions. The compromise between belligerent rights and neutral rights, of which this distinction is a part, was not logical but practical, and thenceforward became law, which both belligerent and neutral must strictly observe. It is true that the contraband list has never been fully agreed on; the author seems to believe that, by using the privilege of extending the contraband lists, the British Government legally escaped the restrictions placed on blockade, and contraband as well. It is hard to defend such a position. The mere fact that no agreement on the contraband list exists does not justify the inclusion of foodstuffs and hundreds of other articles never deemed of primary military use or justify the abolition of the distinction between goods absolutely and goods only conditionally contraband.

The argument that the late war was an exceptional war because all the enemy population was enlisted in it, that the enemy government controlled the food and other supplies, and that the enemy was a particularly unrighteous one was exactly the argument that Washington and Jefferson refused to admit as a justification for similar illegal practices in 1793. Time has not made the argument more valid now. The British blacklist was submitted to by the United States before 1917, but, strange to say, not by Canada; and Canada was right. So long as British spokesmen undertake to maintain the validity of the unheard-of practices undertaken in the late war, even though coupled with a promise of self-restraint in employing them, there is little possibility of an understanding between the United States and Great Britain. In this connection, it is well to observe that the agreement for the settlement of American neutrality claims against Great Britain indicates the rift, by the provision "that the right of each government to maintain in the future such position as it may deem appropriate with respect to the legality or illegality under international law of measures such as those giving rise to [the neutrality] claims is fully reserved, it being specifically understood that the juridical position of neither government is prejudiced by the present arrangement." It would be unfortunate if this supposed irreconcilability should tend to become a reality and if the British Government should continue to prefer to conceive itself as a potential belligerent rather than a potential neutral. The author makes no reference to the Swedish settlement, and probably similar settlements with other neutral countries, by which Great Britain paid damages for the injuries inflicted by some of its measures, and thereby presumably implicitly admitted their illegality. Great secrecy attaches to these settlements, which the British Government should lift. The author's suggestion that there is a distinction between just wars and unjust wars which should produce a difference in the reciprocal rights of belligerents and neutrals is hardly practical; it would only increase the propaganda and tend to drag neutrals into the conflict, because partiality is the easy road to belligerency, and because not all neutrals may take the same view of which is the "just" side in any particular war.

One cannot better indicate the author's misconceptions on the relation of logic to law and the effect of "logic" on the respective rights of belligerents and neutrals as built up through

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DEPORTATION OF ALIENS
FROM THE UNITED STATES TO EUROPE

By Jane Perry Clark

". . . An outstanding work . . . It is comprehensive and arranged in such an orderly fashion that any one . . . can gain an accurate and complete knowledge of the subject." A criticism by P. F. Snyder, The Department of Labor. $5.00

THE CONTRIBUTION OF SOCIOLOGY TO SOCIAL WORK

By Robert M. MacIver

This book, by an authority, shows how sociology orients the social worker in his tasks and aids him in making more specific studies in his own field of interest. A publication of the New York School of Social Work. $2.00

Columbia University Press
2960 Broadway New York, N. Y.

WAR

Organized Destruction and Mass Murder by Civilized Nations

By SCOTT NEARING

Author of "Black America," "The Twilight of Empire," etc.

Dr. Nearing contends that war is not a relapse into barbarism—rather, that it is the primary business of civilization.

At All Bookstores, $3

The VANGUARD PRESS
100 Fifth Avenue New York City

the centuries than to quote from John Bassett Moore's review of Mr. Hyde's book (23 *Columbia Law Review*, 84):

> The simple truth is that the distinction between what in very recent years has, inaccurately and unfortunately, been styled "conditional contraband," and articles absolutely contraband, never did rest on logic, in the sense that it was imagined that "conditional contraband," which includes foodstuffs, as not of military value, potentially even of capital military value, to belligerents . . . The rule, so forcibly stated by Lord Salisbury during the Boer War, that "foodstuffs with a hostile destination can be considered contraband of war only if they are supplied for the enemy's forces," and that "it is not sufficient that they are capable of being so used," but that it "must be shown that this was in fact their destination at the time of the seizure," was not framed as a logical reconciliation of the right to trade with a supposed belligerent right to seize whatever might be used by the enemy for the purposes of the war. If framed in this sense, the rule would have made a laughing-stock of logic. In reality the rule represented and has continued to represent not a logical reconciliation of, but a practical compromise between, two claims either of which, if carried to its logical conclusion, would have destroyed the other, being in this particular like most other legal rules; and it further represented and represents the advance painfully made, through centuries of struggle, toward greater freedom of commerce in time of war.

EDWIN M. BORCHARD

Books in Brief

Hotel du Nord. By Eugène Dabit. Translated by Homer P. Earle. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

This Parisian hostelry is quite unlike the English, German, and American hotels that have figured so prominently in recent novels and plays. The Hotel du Nord is a workingmen's establishment inhabited by bargemen and truck-drivers and their mistresses, a down-at-the-heels house on the edge of a dirty canal. In the cafe there is card-playing and drinking. In the bedrooms above there is considerable illicit love-making going on most of the time, resulting in tragedies and comedies. The story consists merely of a cross-section of proletarian hotel life involving many quite unrelated characters. It reminds one of "Street Scene" although there is no single dramatic event to hold the parts together. The book is quickly read and continuously absorbing.

Humanism and Science. By Cassius J. Keyser. Columbia University Press. $3.

In many ways this is one of the very wisest of the many books thrown up by the humanist controversy. Some of the edge has been taken off it by the fact that many of the points made against the humanists in their handling of science were made by certain of the contributors to "The Critique of Humanism." It is good, nevertheless, to have them made all over again by Professor Keyser, as with his authority behind them they will be rather more difficult to laugh off. After examining Babbitt's humanism, religious humanism, and the pseudo-Marxian humanism of Mr. Leon Samson, Professor Keyser returns to the traditional conception of humanism as the effort of man to achieve the good life here on earth. He then undertakes to show the bearing of science and mathematics upon this task, elaborating his own conception of the difference between science and mathematics. In essence, he contends that "science is concerned with the actual world, mathematics with the world of the logically possible." He shows that both are fundamentally humanistic in origin and purpose and that a knowledge of both contributes to the development of a human-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

istic outlook. Professor Keyser is somewhat discursive in his manner and ranges over a wide variety of related topics. He has some wise words to say about the despairing attitude of some of our contemporaries when confronted with the fruits of the scientific method and some debatable remarks to make about the nature of man and about free will. In fact, his attempt to show that man is not exactly continuous with nature leads him into some exceedingly dubious talk, and his effort to sustain his argument for the freedom of the will leads him to have recourse to a rigidly selected group of citations which carefully excludes authorities of equal eminence on the other side. But the total tendency of the book is admirable, and it is one that will bring comfort to those who refused to take the humanist indictment of science at all seriously.

Religions of the World: Their Nature and Their History. By Carl Clemen, in Collaboration with Eleven Other Eminent Authorities. Translated by A. K. Dallas. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $4.50.

The religions described are the prehistoric and the primitive, the national religions of Babylon, Egypt, China, India, Persia, the classic world, Gaul, ancient Germany, ancient Russia, and Japan, and the world religions, Judaism, Buddhism, Christianity, and Islam. Except for the article on Judaism, where the passionate defense of Jewish spirituality shines with a sudden though rather hectic glow, the contributions are dull. They are informative, carefully objective, scrupulously documented, but they lack color and that natural structural sense by which a good writer brings his communication within the vision of his audience. The reader of this volume must bring to it the student's sense of duty.

Art

Charles Demuth

SUMMER has proved the retrospective show of watercolor, oil, and tempera paintings by Charles Demuth, last of last season's exhibitions at An American Place, persistently impressive. The showing occurred too tardily for notice in this little chronicle; but so keen a sense of it has lingered through the vacation that I find myself eager to resume my monthly comment with a retrogression toward it. I had, of course, long enjoyed and admired Demuth's fastidious, impeccable art. But the airy superficiality, the sport with the textures and skins of things, the little sensations and naughtinesses, once taken by myself and a good portion of the interested public as significant of his quality, now appear mere superstratum to me. The satisfaction, the elation, I now feel about the body of the man's work, indeed, is a surprise to myself. But at present I know a deep artistic product where before I knew a merely charming one; a living symbol where I had recognized only an elegant decoration; and thirty years' work which records not the passage of the talented and sensitive craftsman I had inferred, but the ripening of a serious performer.

What is very curious is that this strong impression should have been made by a collection of pictures decidedly dainty and even precious in quality, and that it should have registered itself in harmony with the full discovery of their daintiness and preciosity. The show left no sensation of weight and power; exhibited none of the massive color and bold rhythm of certain other contemporary painters. What one saw was all refined, distilled, tempered, scrupulous. The phrase "the gentlemanly Johnny of American painting" returned almost compulsively as one stood amidst it. Demuth's watercolor is not

«COMMON GROUND»

a work on economics

by

Daniel Everett Lombard

If the old economic order passed into oblivion, what would the changes in our economic lives be, and how could they be accomplished? Would we step into Socialism immediately and if so what would be the best way to accomplish it? Here the author brings you a new thought on a new way of doing business, without confusion of changes, and without experimentation with its attendent evils of unemployment and poverty.

Common Ground regulates supply to demand both of commodities and workers. Solves problems of production and distribution, agricultural as well as industrial. Raises Federal funds by a new process abolishing tariffs and all other forms of Federal taxation. Abolishes immediately unemployment and poverty. Don't think if we rally from this depression that the improvement will last. They who wish capitalism to survive will be interested to see how the basis of "COMMON GROUND," adopted by capitalism, would entrench that system in power for generations to come.

Price $2.00

COMMON GROUND
Publishing Co.
234 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

If you cannot get this book at your bookstore they are sold over the counter at the office. If you order by mail please print your name and address plainly. (Don't write them). Don't send money for packing and shipping.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PROTECTION
OR
FREE TRADE
By HENRY GEORGE

Philip Snowden, British Chancellor of the Exchequer, keenest-minded of European statesmen, recently wrote:

"This work by Henry George (***Protection or Free Trade***) gets down to the fundamentals of the controversy. It is, at the same time, the most popular and the most scientific exposition of the subject which has ever been written . . . I earnestly commend its study to all who want to get a thorough grasp of the basic elementary facts of the case for Free Trade."

—*PHILIP SNOWDEN.*

A recent reprint of the unabridged, clothbound American edition, is now ready. ONE DOLLAR, post paid.

Robert Schalkenbach Foundation
15 Park Place New York City

□ MEETINGS □ LECTURES □

A Clearing House of Opinion **THE GROUP** Meets at Auditorium 150 West 85th St.
Tuesday Evening, October 6th, at 8:30 P. M.
HEYWOOD BROUN
WILL SPEAK ON:
"IT SEEMS TO ME"

Rand School of Social Science
7 East 15th Street Alg. 4-3094

DOSTOYEVSKY: THE ENEMY OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION
E. L. TARTAK Mon., 8.30 p.m., Oct. 5

POETRY—ITS USES AND ENJOYMENT
S. A. DeWITT Tues, 8.30 p.m., Oct. 6

ABSOLUTISM AND RELATIVISM IN ETHICS
FELIX COHEN Wed., 7 p.m., Oct. 7

POST-WAR SOCIETY AND LITERATURE
Huxley, Woolf, Joyce
PETER M. JACK Wed., 7 p.m., Oct. 7

CHANGING ASPECTS OF MARRIAGE AND FAMILY LIFE
SIDNEY E. GOLDSTEIN Thurs., 8.30 p.m., Oct. 8

SHOUTS AND MURMURS
ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT Thurs., 8.30 p.m., Oct. 8

Single Admission 50c

Other study courses in Labor Problems, Economics, Socialism, History, Trade Unionism, Philosophy, Psychology, etc.
Write, phone, or call for detailed information

the free-running wash of John Marin, for example, but water-color carefully blotted and wiped. His rhythms are frequently light, suave, and graceful. Subtle, pearly tones, delicate, cool nuances and combinations of color, figure very largely in his color-schemes. Many of his textures are tender, silky, flowery; he has an opulent material sense, a love of rich, suave surfaces. All his product has a distinct gemminess; it is by no mere chance that his most distinguished illustrations are woven about tales by Pater and Henry James. His approach is often a humorous, ironic one; he likes his little joke; he will have his little naughtiness. And still, for all their comprehension in the exquisite category of things, his paintings reveal themselves as anything but weak, anemic, thin. For all their delicacy, the forms are tense, stripped, and steely. They are spontaneous creations, not induced and artificial things: they have roots beneath them. And they bring one into relation with life, with American life in particular.

It will be asked: by what evidence is one to distinguish the "deep" product from the superficial, the spontaneous creation from the induced and artificial one, the living symbol from the dead? The answer seems to be that the deep product is invariably a synthesis of strongly stated antitheses; that the spontaneous creation is invariably rhythmical, a harmonious correlation of all the parts of the picture—shape, line, texture, and color; and that the living symbol invariably corresponds to an objective reality, and brings that reality freshly to our eyes. These specifications are all met by Demuth's work, at least by those examples of it in which he has not striven for sculpturesque effect, as he may be said to have done in a certain large lily painting in the colors of a Della Robbia bas-relief. All his paintings proper contain effective, original antitheses of shape and color and line and texture, and the oppositions are never conventional or weak. The antithetical elements are boldly conceived and extremely heterogeneous. Demuth delights in playing gross and severe shapes, shapes of block letters and vegetables, and mechanical and architectural motives, against his tender and flowery ones. One finds him opposing intrinsically ugly colors, homely purples and magentas, and cheap aniline dyes, to the finest, rarest, most sumptuous whites. Contrasts of disagreeably smooth and wonderfully agreeable pulpy and living textures are equally common in his work; and oppositions of ruled lines and irregularly fluid, nervous, tendril-like markings. And these juxtapositions are generative. The antithetical shapes and colors and lines gain individual point in the contrast, and are helped to effect and significance by it. They are necessary to each other. And they establish a visual rhythm, an emotional correlation of all the parts—the different shapes and volumes and planes of the picture. The harmony of a Demuth painting is frequently an acid, astringent one, due perhaps to the association of extremely heterogeneous elements. But the pictures nevertheless hang together. The eye can seize them as wholes, and learn to follow the queer, unpredictable progress of the plastic volumes with pleasure.

The exhibition was rich in new revelations of the chance harmonies of the American scene. All inner rhythms flow from relations with objective reality; and Demuth's connect us with the objects "felt" by him in states of projection and relationship, and with a rare degree of fidelity. Demuth is the precise, lyrical depicter of the forms, the subtle veining, the velvet bloom of common fruits, flowers, roots; the accurate portraitist of severe and delicate New England houses and belfries; the keenly humorous commentator of vaudevillians and acrobats; the painter of the light of Gloucester and Bermuda, and of the grotesque and monstrous forms of the industrial landscape. He uses vulgar motives, painted signs, ventilators, fire-escapes, directive arrows, machine-made numerals, sometimes with a metaphorical intention, sometimes with a realistic

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one; but invariably with a keen appreciation of their humor and identities. Indeed, many of the freshest, most original perceptions of the chance beauties of wharves, grain-elevators, chimneys, office-building rears and fronts, are to be found in the aristocratic company of his paintings, with their Vermeer-like surfaces; far more than in the rival performances of Charles Sheeler, Peter Bloom, Niles Spencer, and other accomplished craftsmen. The Demuth "Kootzie"—so-called from the favor with which the latest arbiter of American elegancies, Mr. Samuel L. Kootz, looks upon representations of the industrial scene—is likely to have the freshness, the integrity, the inner harmony of the spontaneous vision. Those of other "industrialists" and Kootziefactors are likely to show something of the staticity and incoherence of the induced, the synthetic, the merely virtuosic composition.

But the intensest result of the little retrospective exhibit was a fresh and affecting sense of the queer elegance instinctive in the American temperament. This peculiar elegance, this physical style and grace and athletic hardness, would seem to be both the reason and the content of this partly delicate and partly sharp, partly precious and partly severe body of watercolor, oil, and tempera paintings. It would appear to be the triumphant quality of the artist's own nature and of the objects and scenes attractive to him and propulsive of his neat and suave, jazzy and refined, geometrical and delicate, sumptuous and acidulous art. Those flowers of Demuth's are never lush and soft; but always keen of edge in all their daintiness and silver, delicate veining. A muscular and acrobatic balance, the dizzy sureness of trapeze and vaudeville performers, speaks in his bold designs. The precise and clear-cut contours convey the gemlike cleanness, the touch of smartness and brightness, the machine-like edges, of physically young America. Doubtless there is a decided note of morbidity in Demuth, an expression of the lure and perfection of death; it appears very obviously in the illustrations to the stories of Henry James. There is also a certain nervous erotic suffusion in his paintings of wharves and chimneys: the blush and incandescence of things severe, angular, unyielding, and instantaneously charged by incalculable ecstasy. But even these feelings are of the race like the elegance and snap: products of the soil, the light and the blood of the people. And, like the elegance, the fine coolness, the smartness that speak so triumphantly from these paintings, these feelings merely help to identify the general expression as part of an American self-consciousness, a symbol of American life.

PAUL ROSENFELD

Drama

A Bad Joke

ACCORDING to the French papers there was a riddle going the rounds of Paris last summer. "What," it was asked, "goes on four legs and says bow-wow?" The answer, after the victim had rejected the obvious and given up, was simply "A dog."

Now this does not seem to me like a very good joke. However, its point (if it has a point) is very much like that of Alfred Savoir's philosophical comedy "He," which the Theater Guild has just produced a good deal better than it deserves at the Guild Theater. The only surprise involved is the surprise of discovering after three acts of mystification that the answer is the one which every moderately intelligent playgoer has already rejected merely because it was so exquisitely obvious.

In the play there is a man who calls himself God. He ap-

THE GROUP THEATRE PRESENTS
THE HOUSE OF CONNELLY
By PAUL GREEN
Under the Auspices of the Theatre Guild
MARTIN BECK THEATRE, 45th St. & 8th Ave. PEnn 6-6100
Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 2:30; evenings, 8:30

Most Sensational Play of the Year!
MAE WEST
in THE CONSTANT SINNER
"As sound and respectable as Belasco's 'Lulu Belle'."
—Joseph Wood Krutch in *The Nation*
ROYALE THEATRE, W. 45th St. Evenings, 8:40 Mats.: Wed. & Sat.

TOBIS VANDERBILT
West 48th Street
East of Broadway
Continuous 1 to 11 p.m.
POPULAR PRICES
3rd Big Week
GERMAN TALKING PICTURE SENSATION
KARAMAZOV
Based on DOSTOYEVSKY'S Immortal Novel
With Fritz Kortner, Anna Sten and Great Cast

HEYWOOD BROUN
IN HIS NEW REVIEW
SHOOT THE WORKS
GEO. M. COHEN THEA., B'way & 43rd St.
Evenings 8:45, $1-$3. Mats. Wed. and Sat., $1-$2.50

The Institute of Arts and Sciences
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
October 13 NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER
"The International Mind"
October 14 LEWIS MUMFORD
"The Modern Spirit"
October 15 FRANK BOHN
"Following the News"
October 16 RAFAEL SABATINI
"Fiction in History and History in Fiction"
October 17 BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER
"Old Bill's American Adventures"
Members' Annual Ticket ($15) admits to all these and to more than 150 other worthwhile events in McMillin Academic Theatre, n. e. corner of Broadway and 116th Street. Lectures begin promptly at 8:15 P.M. You may become a member and participate in this outstanding program.
SEND TODAY FOR COMPLETE ANNOUNCEMENT

INDIA NATIONAL CONGRESS
Invites You to
63rd GANDHI BIRTHDAY PARTY LUNCHEON
Sat., Oct. 3rd, 1 p.m.
MAHATMA M. K. GANDHI will respond to greetings in transcontinental broadcast over Station WOR—2 p.m.
All friends and admirers of Gandhi are urged to make immediate reservations, due to the lack of time and the limited capacity of the Hotel Governor Clinton.
Reservation $1.50 per person
Checks payable to M. S. NOVIK, *Chairman*, Luncheon Committee
Speakers:
HEYWOOD BROUN, HON. DANIEL F. COHALAN, SAILENDRA NATH GHOSE, BISHOP MCCONNELL, J. MUSTE, RABBI LOUIS I. NEUMAN, MOHAN SINGH, NORMAN THOMAS
at GOVERNOR CLINTON HOTEL
32nd Street and Seventh Avenue
India National Congress of America
Room 608, 31 Union Sq., New York City
Phone LExington 2-5024

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TOURS

Something NEW!

A TOUR TO TURKESTAN

Ten Other Interesting Itineraries
For Winter Travel in Soviet Russia

Sailings Every Week
Beginning October 15th on the
"Aquitania" of the Cunard Line
Prices for round trip $200.00 and up

Write for Details

Amalgamated Trust & Savings Bank — 111 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago
or
Amalgamated Bank — 11-15 Union Sq., New York

RESORTS

WE'LL TAKE YOU *"for a ride"*

No longer bother about trains and time-tables. Our bus leaves the city each Saturday afternoon, and takes you back Sunday night. You are in "Lodge" atmosphere from the moment you join the merry crowd at the starting point, and have ample opportunity to get acquainted with your fellow week-enders on the way up.

First trip: Saturday, Oct. 10th—in time for a most enjoyable

COLUMBUS DAY WEEK-END

Leaves every Saturday at 3.30 p. m. from Woodlawn Station (last stop on Jerome Ave. line) starting homeward Sundays at 9.30 p.m. Charge for round trip: $1.00.

Restfully comfortable individual seats in a commodious bus, driven along a scenic route by a careful and courteous chauffeur.

(Columbus week-end return trip on Monday night)

Peekskill 1403

FURNACE DOCK RD.

PEEKSKILL, N. Y.

BLUE MOUNTAIN LODGE

pears most inopportunely at a convention of freethinkers assembled in Switzerland for the purpose of abolishing the deity by resolution, and though he refuses to perform any miracles on the ground that he never interferes with the laws of nature, he creates considerable havoc in the minds of the unbelievers. Finally, however, his keeper arrives to take him back to the asylum, and I, for one, am at a loss to know just what it is all supposed to signify. A hen crosses the road to get on the other side and a man who thinks he is God is crazy.

There are, to be sure, several incidental platitudes elaborately implied as though they were supposed to be very profound novelties. Thus there is a feeble-minded girl who asks very touchingly what is to become of her and her like if there is nothing to believe in; there is also a sort of minor Napoleon who suggests that if God did not exist it would behoove man to invent him. But surely this has been said quite well enough before, and the saying is rather generally known. Only one thing really puzzles me, for when "God" discovers hospital stalwarts guarding the two exits of the room where he is confined, he thinks a moment and then escapes over the footlights through the auditorium. This I am inclined to suspect is what is sometimes called "pure theater," but I have always found it a little difficult to distinguish between "pure theater" and sheer nonsense. Tom Powers is extremely likable as the maniac, and several of the other players are good enough to make their predicament rather embarrassing. No one likes to realize after he has embarked on a tale that it will and should fall flat.

"I Love an Actress" (Times Square Theater) is another importation which is too thin to be made more than moderately amusing by a very skilful production; but Muriel Kirkland is so good in a part so entirely different from any she has previously attempted that one must begin to take her very seriously as a comedienne. She has delicacy, charm, intelligence, and—what is much less common than any of these things—a real gift for impersonation. "Singin' the Blues" (Liberty Theater) is, despite its crudeness, as entertaining as anything so far offered on Broadway. Its mixture of melodrama and musical comedy is of course ridiculous, and no one could take it seriously as an example of dramatic art, but its colored cast is racy and more amusing than it always realizes. A considerable run would not be at all surprising.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

RESORTS

UNUSUAL SHOPS
with unusual things to sell—

MEET IN
THE NATION

Unusual people with
UNUSUAL TASTES

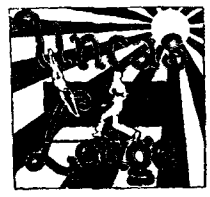
Write us for rates. 20 Vesey St.
Tel. CO rtlandt 7-3330

RECUPERATION
CREATION
at THE CRYSTAL VILLA
Woodcliff Lake, N. J.
23 miles from N. Y. Fare 90c
combines country pleasures with city conveniences. Ideal for convalescents. Cater to diets. Bathing, fishing, bracing walks, wholesome Jewish-American table. Refinement. Congeniality. Phone, Park Ridge 404.

RIVERSIDE INN, Seymour, Conn.
On Lake Housatonic, boating, swimming, tennis, etc. Beautifully located among hills and woods. Only 65 miles from New York. September rates $21 per week. $3.50 per day.

FOR relaxation, beautiful country and pleasant companionship; phone to
The HIL-BERT HOUSE
Lake Mahopac, N. Y.
HILL FRIEDBERG, Prop. Tel. Mahopac 353

FOR delightful vacations — or week-ends. TOPSTONE FARM, in the Connecticut hills, restful, secluded. We keep our own saddle horses, and provide instruction. Swimming. Address:



Autumnal Colors in the Connecticut Hills
Uncas Lodge
UNCASVILLE, CONN.
165 Acres Rustic Beauty
Private Lake
Clay Tennis Courts—Handball
Horseback—Ping Pong
Special Columbus Day Week-End. 3 Fine Days—$10.00
Phone Norwich 1858. Ring 5
Diana Berman Abe Berman
Free Transportation from New London to Camp

MR and MRS. Arthur Hyatt Morse offer *English Hospitality* to limited number of discriminating adults at *Errwhon*. 100 acres. New York 49 miles Erie Main Line. Hiking, tennis, boating, swimming, saddle-horses nearby. $5 daily: $30 weekly. Telephone 13F3, Monroe.

ZINDOREST PARK
Monroe, N. Y. Phone 308
A Millionaire's estate of 150 acres surrounded by most gorgeous woodland, orchards, ponds, brooks and lake.
All outdoor and indoor sports; ideal for a vacation or week-end.
1½ hours on Erie R.R., Bus or Route 17.
OPEN ALL YEAR

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED